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COBDEN ON THE WAR.

WE have one very excellent reason for treating whatever Mr. Cobden may say, with courtesy and attention. To his constant labours in the cause of the cheap press, we are in great measure indebted for our existence. We do not agree with the "Times" that Mr. Cobden's letter wants either definite thought or lucid expression. We think it very clever, and if we did not think so, we should undoubtedly take no pains to answer it. Mr. Cobden has from the very first consistently stuck to his peace theory, and puts it so well, that we are bound to consider what he says attentively. It is too bad to expect Mr. Cobden to be in a very good humour. For some years things have gone against him. Though he abolished the corn-laws, he did not destroy the aristocracy; Mr. Bright has completely outshone him in Parliament; and his popularity has much diminished in the country. Such events try a man's temper. They also make a man a curious study,—just as Burton (of the *Anatomy*), observes that hundreds look at the sun in eclipse who never notice him in his ordinary condition.

The object of his letter to Mr. Baines is to make England ashamed and disgusted of her position, and to humiliate her in the eyes of Europe. A melancholy job this for an Englishman! But party is imperative. Years ago, Mr. Cobden made up his mind about wars, and this is what his resolution has conducted him to. To be consistent, he must dwell on all the horrors of our failures, *ab initio*. He cannot avoid seeming somewhat savagely satisfied at them; have they not helped his case? It is in human nature, this. What says Swift?

"He'd rather that his friend should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie."

And of course, a natural exaggeration follows from long dwelling on this aspect of the matter.

Mr. Cobden's letter may be viewed as consisting of two parts—an attack on all war—and an attack on the present one. We like a speculative subject, but unfortunately the "Illustrated Times" found war in full progress when it came into the world and is bound to ac-

cept it as a fact, and see its friends well through with it. Peace is beautiful; and we always thought it a great proof of the wisdom of Minerva, that she chose for her plant the olive. But nations cannot begin and drop wars at their pleasure. England must end the Russian war—well; and that is all the more imperative, since she began it badly.

But, on this very first point—why she began it so badly—the *verboſa et grandis epistola* of Mr. Cobden is not sufficiently full. We think we could help him to one cause. Did not a whole school of able, active, agitating men do their best to keep down the British army, body and soul—that is, in point of money and point of opinion—for many years? We remember the old army estimate debates every twelvemonth,—how rigidly the nails of the British lion were pared; what a hubbub was made if an extra hundred had been spent in percussion-caps or pipe-clay; how constantly, too, the character of the soldier was sneered at in radical papers and Manchester tracts. If we recollect aright, Sir William Napier had to castigate Mr. Cobden himself, in a letter in the "Times;" and a naval captain even "called him out." We were told that we overfed our army altogether. As Nicholas had not yet shown himself to Sir Hamilton Seymour, nor begun to move towards the Pruthi this peaceful policy had much success. We kept a little army, and with it went into a great war.

The period is not yet come for a full discussion of the Crimean expedition; but we believe, with Mr. Cobden and many others, that our terrible sufferings were greatly due to our small force. They were aggravated by the badness of the home machinery,—the medical and transport systems. These were conducted in England without energy and without ability. The task itself was an exceedingly difficult one,—and a perfectly new one,—and one which the aforesaid economic agitation had tended to make difficult. Double the traffic of the Great Western, and see if you will have no accidents! Or, go and ask Mr. Macaulay what the history of all campaigns is,—whether they don't always involve terrible losses and mistakes. People remember the glory; they do not remember the disappointments. And they forget that it is our increased newspaper influence which

makes everything now tell so vividly on England. The sound of every fall is multiplied by a thousand echoes.

But when all has been said *pro* and *con* the unquestionably bad system and its blunders,—we have still to ask whether we have not punished Russia heavily? Two years is no great time for a great war, and in two years we have won three great battles,—taken a noble citadel,—sunk a splendid fleet,—and occupied in six places a distant and hostile territory. It is all very well to bully us with a *babble of table d'hôtes*;—we know pretty well how idlers talk about England all over the Continent. But the way we have behaved in the field, is generally allowed to be respectable, we fancy! We should like to hear old Pelissier about it; and we are happy to know, that (as Sir George Brown observed, though we are likewise speaking from other knowledge) the French officers think very highly of our troops. A small army must always run a risk of being badly recruited, no doubt,—for the fact that an army is small, makes a nation unmilitary. But Mr. Cobden dwells too strongly on the tardy recruiting. Not to mention that this war is only a re-action after an excess of the anti-military feeling,—not to dwell on the totally different circumstances of the French people from our own,—let us ask whether, during the last few months, the recruiting has not been better, and whether the militia of many counties does not boast a highly creditable standard of manhood and sentiment? We believe the recruiting has advanced much better since the harvest was got in; it was not to be expected that it would advance much against good wages. The Russian is carried off, *volens volens*,—and the Frenchman too,—or how do we know what their rapidity in enlistment would be? But, say that our army is not attractive, that is not a reason for doing anything—but making it more so. We have hoped all along that this war would improve our whole military system for the future; and we sincerely trust to see English soldiers more honoured than ever they were. We hope the best of the prospects of mankind; but nothing that we have read of the past or seen of the present, induces us to believe that England can be great, stable, or even safe, without a large army. The days when everybody was martial, are gone, and an army must be a special institution, or where—in these



INTERVIEW BETWEEN ADMIRAL LYONS AND ADMIRAL BRUAT ON BOARD THE ROYAL ALBERT, PRIOR TO THE ATTACK ON KINBURN.

days of military machinery, will be our island safety? What is the "pluckiest" mob against engineers, artillery, mine rifles, and conical shells? Will the Czar neglect these things, if we do?

Mr. Cobden doubts if the war is popular. We know how difficult it is to say what public opinion is. Cicero, we remember, lays it down, that there are three ways of getting at it—in public meetings, elections, and public games (*Pro Sextio*, c. 50). We may waive the last of these in modern times. But how about our public meetings, and elections? Take Sir Charles Napier and the public of South-west:—take the late banquet at Glasgow:—Lord Ellesmere's speech, not long ago:—the gatherings in counties, when a local personage has distinguished himself in the East:—the way the Sunday mob cheered Cardigan:—the eagerness of the *Press* newspaper to repudiate the Bright Alliance:—we are quite sure that Mr. Cobden will not despise such things as these, for they are such as once formed the happiness of his own public life. He asks, what "commanding intellects" are in favour of the war?—but as long as his own intellect passes for a "commanding" one, nobody in England will doubt those of Palmerston, Alison, Bulwer, Landor, and Tennyson, to be such, we assure him. By the way, it is no great mark of wit to hint at the propriety of a conscription, since, should one be established as the law of the land, Mr. Cobden will have to take his chance of being drawn like the rest of folks!

The objects of the war are vague as ever were undertaken, "since the Crusades," Mr. Cobden tells us. The object is, to compel the Czar to make a peace which will secure the integrity of Turkey, as has been stated over and over again. We cannot be expected to repeat for a fifteenth time what we have said in favour of confining the war to this one object. The allusion to the Crusades is not happy. In the century of Voltaire it was the fashion to sneer at them. In our own day they are differently viewed. A paltry rhymester did, indeed, include them among "popular delusions" (!) in a heavy book; but Guizot has shown that (apart from their noble religious feeling) they had a splendid effect on the commerce of Europe—which ought to secure them the respect of the Manchester School. This present war may be made similarly serviceable by Europeanising Turkey. Mr. Cobden could aid the cause himself, if he would guide the war instead of opposing it.

We entirely agree with Mr. Cobden in condemning "braggadocio"—and especially the recent hysterical gabble against the United States. The "Illustrated Times" has not once endeavoured to inflame the passions of the people on this great subject, though we have honoured, and mean to honour, the gallantry our soldiers have displayed. We are sorry for the passage in the letter (it is one of the best written ones), in which the military character is contrasted with the commercial one, and insulted. "Selfishness" is bad, either in war or trade,—but the selfishness which spends nights in the trenches, and days in the field, which suffers patiently in the hospital, in a manner exciting the reverence of gentlemen and priests like Godolphin Osborne, is surely not the worst kind of selfishness extant! We will not dwell on the sufferings of the factory, where machinery that its proprietors refuse to "fence," causes torture as terrible as shot or bayonet. We will not ask why strikes are so common, and mutinies so rare,—why soldiers love their officers, and operatives do not love their masters. But if the military life is so apt to give a bad colour to the human character, how is it that the soldier is so popular with men of genius? How came Sterne in the last century, and Thackeray in this, to make "Uncle Toby" and "Colonel Newcome" their respective ideals of human nature? The experience of mankind has made the soldier's character respected; and he who, being a soldier, is coarse, brutal, and licentious, would, if not a soldier, probably be worse. We wonder Cobden does not know the world better than to shake his head at a camp as not possessing the "purity of domestic life." One would think it was an assemblage of monsters,—whereas its exclusion of the domestic element is not the result of life there being foul, but of the mechanical arrangements regarding room, &c., which the employment requires. It so happens that for a long time peace and trade had it all their own way; and there has been a natural re-action against the perpetual insisting on one side of human excellence, which was the result of this. Nature is infinite, however, in her kinds of excellence, and it is only common generosity to recognise it in whatever form it may come,—no matter how remote from our own immediate circle of action and sympathy.

We conclude by expressing our respect for Mr. Cobden's consistency, and the courage (particularly rare just now) with which he sets himself against a majority. We have shown why and how we differ from him in many of his views. We believe we have done so with perfect fairness, and when the time comes for recognising that enough has been done, according to the moderate and reasonable view of the matter which we have always done our best to urge,—we shall not be afraid to advocate a prudent peace as firmly as we ever did a just war.

THE TWO ADMIRALS.

The engraving on the previous page represents an interview between the Commanders of the French and English fleets in the Black Sea, on board the *Royal Albert*, the flag-ship of our admiral, Sir Edmund Lyons. An English marine appears on guard, and several officers are in attendance on their gallant commanders.

It has been remarked by M. de Lamartine, that among the illustrious men who have figured in national contests, we always feel most interested in heroes of the sea,—that the power and terrible attributes of the element on which they combat seem to raise them above ordinary warriors,—that they require to be endowed with the double valour, which equally braves the cannon shot and the fury of the winds and waves,—and that all the resources of intelligence must be combined with courage in the chief who directs the manœuvre or broadside from the quarter-deck. "He must," continues the eloquent writer alluded to, "possess science to steer his course by the heavenly bodies; unwearied vigilance, to preserve his ship from storms and quicksands; skill in handling the sails, which regulate the immense machine like a master-key; prompt daring, to rush into fire through tempest, to seek one death through another; self-possession, which dictates when to strike, or how to parry, the decisive blow; devotedness, which rises under the certainty of destruction, and sacrifices a ship to save the fleet; the ascendancy of a master-mind, which forces all to look for safety in a single voice; decision, which acts with the infallibility of inspiration; obedience, which yields up strong conviction to superior authority; discipline, which bows to the equality of established laws; a calm aspect, with a beating heart, to inspire confidence in inferiors; manly grace and dignity of demeanour, to preserve in the close intercourse of a crowded ship the prestige which generals on shore maintain by seclusion and reserve, and which naval commanders must keep up in hourly and close communion; a prudent boldness in assuming the risk of responsibility in sudden emergencies, when a moment or a manœuvre may decide the fate of an empire." Such we believe are, in a great measure, the two brave admirals who direct the movements of the English and French fleets in the Black Sea, and who, by previous experiences, have been qualified for the high and responsible positions they now occupy.

Admiral Bruat, Commander-in-Chief of the French squadron, has, according to his biographers, seen much service and a good deal of the world. He has held successively the important offices of governor of two colonies, maritime prefect, *chef de station*, and commander-in-chief of the ocean

squadron. When the Russian war promised distinction and glory to those following the profession of arms, he was, in 1854, appointed to the command of the "second," called the "Atlantic squadron," destined to act in the Black Sea, the waters of Gallipoli, and in the Levantine Archipelago. Admiral Bruat then joined Admiral Hamelin, as second in command of the fleet, but in December last he succeeded to the authority of his chief. In March this year he received the military medal, as a mark of his Imperial Master's approbation; and the subsequent achievements of Admiral Bruat have been such as to prove that the honour and reputation of the French fleet will not suffer while under his auspices.

Sir Edmund Lyons has, of course, run a different, though certainly not a less interesting career, than his gallant compeer. He is the second son of a gentleman, described in "Baronetages" and "Naval Biographies," as the late John Lyons, Esq., of Antigua, and of St. Austen's House, Hants, and was born in the year 1790. On reaching the age of eleven he entered the navy, as first-class volunteer, on board the *Royal Charlotte* yacht, and after seeing a good deal of service on the Mediterranean station, went as midshipman in Duckworth's expedition to the Dardanelles, and took part in the demolition of the redoubt on Point Resques. Having returned to England in 1807, the naval aspirant sailed, as that year passed on, for the East, and was ere long attached, as acting lieutenant of the *Barracouta*. He was soon after confirmed by commission to that brig: and in the summer of 1810, when the island of Banda Neira was taken, he was the first to scale the walls of the castle of Belgica. This exploit, which was conceived with skill and executed with courage, brought the young sailor into notice; and on the arrival of the *Barracouta* at Madras, with intelligence of the victory, he was forthwith nominated flag-lieutenant to Admiral Drury in the *Minden*.

While enacting the part of lieutenant in the latter vessel, Lyons proceeded, early in 1811, to the coast of Java, there to await the arrival of an armament, fitting out at various ports of India, for the subjugation of the island. While stationed in Sunda Straits he undertook an enterprise, which amply attested his gallantry of soul and naval zeal. On the night of the 30th of July, with not more than thirty-five men, he stormed the strong fortress of Marack, mounting fifty-four guns, and garrisoned with one hundred and eighty soldiers and the crews of two boats. He was successful in capturing the fortress against fearful odds, and in the course of the operations commenced shortly afterwards, he received the command of a flotilla of five recently-captured gun-boats, and was ultimately allowed to serve in the batteries opposed to Fort Cornelis.

The fatigues endured by Lyons were at this period so severe, that his health gave way, and he was under the necessity of returning to recruit in England. However, in the spring of 1811, having meanwhile been promoted in the service, he was nominated to the command of the *Rinaldo*, in which vessel he is stated to have conveyed Louis XVIII. and the Allied Sovereigns to England.

Lyons was not, after this, actively employed till 1828, when he was nominated to the command of the *Blonde*; and after blockading, for a time, the port of Navarino, he directed the movements of the naval force, co-operating with the French, at the siege of the Castle of Mora. In the reduction of that stronghold, he greatly distinguished himself; and his exertions as well as cordiality, were so highly appreciated by the French, that he was invested with the insignia of the Order of St. Louis of France.

Towards the close of 1831, Capt. Lyons was removed from the *Blonde* to the *Madagascar*; and next year witnessed the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, by Ibrahim Pacha. Early in 1833, he attended King Otho to Greece, and became a Knight Commander of the Order of the Redeemer.

In the year 1835, this naval hero, having paid off the *Madagascar*, was nominated a K.C.H. and honoured with Knighthood. He has since successively occupied the posts of Plenipotentiary at the Court of Athens, and of Minister to the Swiss Cantons, and at the Court of Stockholm.

Having obtained his commission as Rear-Admiral of the Blue, in 1850, Sir Edmund Lyons was, at the opening of the Russian War, appointed second in command of the Black Sea Fleet, to the chief command of which he succeeded on the retirement of Sir Deans Dundas, under circumstances which were indeed well calculated to render the appointment popular with the people of England.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

VICE-ADMIRAL TREHOULT has been appointed commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean squadron.

The Emperor, wishing to show his high esteem for General Bosquet, who has enacted so glorious a part in the Eastern war, sent Captain Morand, one of his orderlies, to Marseilles to meet him, with the military medal.

M. Vilain XIV., Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs, has been in Paris for the last few days, and rumour has invested him with a "mission," the upshot of which would be, that some 20,000 Belgians are to be forthwith despatched to the seat of war.

The Emperor, on Sunday, gave an audience at St. Cloud to the Chevalier Paleocappa, Minister of Public Works at Turin, who came to Paris to be present at the deliberations of the International Scientific Commission on the subject of cutting through the Isthmus of Suez.

SPAIN.

ACCORDING to recent intelligence from Madrid, the Carlist chief Estarús had been captured. The factious bands of Catalonia continued to make their submission.

In the Cortes, on the 29th ult., a bill was brought in by several members for establishing, at Madrid, a bank of issue and discount, under the name of "General Bank of Public Credit." Another bill has been presented for making a railway from Madrid to Saragossa; the provinces interested in the line undertaking to contribute one-third of the expense.

Most of the Spanish journals now admit that nothing has yet been settled with respect to the proposed treaty between Spain and the Western Powers.

The weather had become very cold, and the mountains in the environs of the capital were covered with snow.

AUSTRIA.

At Vienna it is considered that military events have taken a turn, which must soon place in a stronger light than ever the necessity for the German Confederation to act with energy as a collective Power in the Eastern question. The "Boersens Zeitung" says that the Austrian troops occupying the Principalities are to take up new positions before the commencement of winter. The army corps of occupation will be considerably reinforced.

The Minister of Finance, on the 5th inst., sent a notice of the ratification by the Emperor of the concession of the Commercial and Industrial Bank granted to M. Rothschild, the Princes Furtenberg, Scharzenberg, and Anesperg, Count Chotek, and Louis de Haber. The capital of the Bank is 100 millions of florins.

It is expected that Sir Hamilton Seymour will soon make his appearance in Vienna.

PRUSSIA.

The King of Prussia has ordered that Prince Frederick William, son of the Prince of Prussia, and reputed suitor for the hand of the Princess Royal of England, is henceforth to take part in the sittings of the Council of State, and also in the business at the different ministries, in order to become initiated in public affairs.

The members of the old nobility of Prussia still refuse to take their seats in the First Chamber on the opening of the approaching session, unless the Government shall consent to restore the privileges (exemption from taxation and military services, &c.), of which they were deprived in 1848. Negotiations were recently undertaken between them and the Government on the subject, but they led to no result; the King, however, has ordered that they shall be resumed.

Different journals have spoken of offers said to have been made by Russia at Vienna, through the Prussian Cabinet, with a view to the resumption of negotiations, but all these reports are stated to be without foundation.

RUSSIA.

The manifesto of the Czar relative to the new levy produced at St. Petersburg the most painful impression. Since 1836 no levy of 10 men

in every 1,000 of the inhabitants had taken place throughout the empire. Russia, as respects the conscription, is divided into two great provinces, the one formed of the Eastern governments and the other of the Western, each of which must furnish in turn the annual contingent of recruits. In 1850, 6 men for every 1,000 souls were levied in 25 governments, and 5 in 22 others. In 1848 and 1849, the western part gave 8 men per 1,000 souls, alternate levies amounted to 10 and 12 men per 1,000 souls, one year in the great eastern division, and the other in the western. But the government never required at once from the population of the empire so considerable a sacrifice. 80,000 men are regarded as the average result of the recruitment of one-half of the empire, at the rate of 7 or 8 men per 1,000 souls, and the numbers to be recruited in virtue of the new decree are estimated at 200,000.

The Czar has ordered a new conscription for Poland, independently of that appointed for the whole empire.

Admiral Berch, Governor of Nicolaieff and Admiral-in-Chief of the Black Sea Fleet and Ports, has been dismissed, and Vice-Admiral Metin is appointed in his stead, with the additional command of the flotilla in the Danube.

Admiral Bruat, according to "Le Nord," has addressed a letter to the military authorities of Odessa, in which he compliments them very highly upon the heroic resistance made by their countrymen at Kinburn. For three days the firing against the three forts on the spit was heard at Odessa, Kinburn being distant from that city only forty miles by the crow flies.

DENMARK.

It is stated that there is some reason to believe that, after all, Russia has accepted the office of mediator between Denmark and the United States, and proposed, as an adjustment of the difficulties, that Denmark shall cede her Island of St. Thomas to the United States for the sum of five millions of dollars, and total exemption of American ships and cargo from the future payment of the Sound dues. Although the colony is of no value to Denmark in a pecuniary point of view, rather causing an expense than bringing in a surplus, yet Denmark is said to have declined the proposal out of consideration to the Western Powers, to whom such an acquisition of territory on the part of the Americans, so close to their own West Indian possessions, cannot be desirable.

SWEDEN.

GENERAL CANROBERT arrived at Stockholm on the 5th inst., and was received by the whole population with the utmost enthusiasm.

SARDINIA.

THE health of King Victor Emmanuel being now completely restored, the visit of his Majesty to Paris and London, which was to have taken place towards the end of September, is again the subject of conversation. All the necessary arrangements have been made, and the King is expected after opening his Parliament, to set out on the 20th inst. from Turin to Genoa, where he is to embark for Marseilles on board a royal steamer.

NAPLES.

THE King of Naples has been making a display of clemency, by allowing two unfortunate gentlemen to return to their country, from which they were exiled by his orders last July for attending the funeral of De Cesare, who had been a distinguished member of the Neapolitan Parliament. They are the Baron Gaiotti and Camillo Carraciolo, Marquis of Bella, second son of the Prince Torella, and they are now permitted to return, after repeated applications for justice at the Royal hands. It was reported in Turin on the 30th ult., that the infamous Mazza had left Naples for Madrid. We believe this to be a mistake.

The War.

THE CAPTURE OF KINBURN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE formidable fleets under the command of Admiral Bruat and Rear-Admiral Lyons, which left Kamiesch on the 7th ult., are at this date still lying off Odessa, awaiting favourable wind and weather to advance against Kinburn, at the mouth of the Dnieper, twenty-eight miles from their present anchorage. But what the precise weather is which the admirals think essential to enable them to make a successful attack upon a place mounting not a tenth of the guns which they are bringing against it, seems to be a mystery to everybody but themselves. Every day since our arrival here, the *Royal Albert* has signalled, "Small gun-boats to weigh at 1 p.m.," and every day the signal has been withdrawn owing to a light breeze springing up, which invariably caused a swell such as may be seen any day at this time of the year off Gravesend.

The Odessa folks must be pretty well sure by this time, that we have no idea of attacking them, and the people of Kinburn must be nearly as certain that they are selected as the objects of our wrath, and are no doubt making their preparations accordingly. We have given them ample time and warning, either to strengthen their position, and perhaps to render it for the present impregnable, or to remove anything from it of value in war, and perhaps to render the passage into the Dnieper impossible for the present year.

The English force consists of the *Royal Albert*, 131 guns (bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Lyons); *Hannibal*, 91 (bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Stewart); *Agamemnon*, 91; *Algiers*, 91; *St. Jean d'Acre*, 101; *Princess Royal*, 91; *Sidon* (steam frigate), 22; *Danvers*, 33; *Terrile*, 21; *Leopard*, 18; *Furious*, 16; *Curaçoa*, 30; *Tribune*, 31; *Spitfire*, 6; *Spitfire*, 6; *Valorous*, 16; *Sphinx*, 6; *Firebrand*, 6; *Stromboli*, 6; *Fulcan*, 6.

GUN-BOATS.—*Lynx*, *Beagle*, *Viper*, *Arrow*, *Snake*, *Wrangler*.

SMALL GUN-BOATS.—*Clinker*, *Fancy*, *Cracker*, *Bozer*, *Grinder*.

MORTAR-BOATS.—*Firm*, *Mastiff*, and *Sully*; and *Moslem* and *Brenda* tenders.

The French fleet consists of the flag-ship of Admiral Bruat, and three other screw line-of-battle ships, several steam frigates and gun-boats, and three floating-batteries. The English convey 5,000 troops, including the marines of the squadron, who are to disembark, and the French carry 8,000.

The small gun-boats are to start from this in the middle of the day, and lay down buoys under the direction of Captain Sprat, of the *Spitfire*. The rest of the squadron are to leave here about seven in the evening, so as to reach there about one in the morning; and to disembark the troops by the large gun-boats the first thing in the morning, on the spit inside the Fort of Kinburn. The Admirals are desirous, if possible, of capturing the whole of the garrison on that side. You may expect to hear of something by next mail—something that we hope will place Admiral Lyons on a footing of equality in rank with his gallant companion in arms Admiral Bruat, and that may compensate him as far as such compensation can go, for the noble devotion he has shown, during the whole of this harassing war, the most trying circumstances, to the interests and honour of his country. Surely, if any officer deserves reward at the hands of Queen Victoria, it is the gallant Admiral Lyons.

Dnieper Bay, Oct. 18th. The Seventeenth of October appears to be a date peculiarly destined to become memorable in the annals of the present war, especially in the employment of Fleets against Fortresses. It almost seems specially allotted as the day on which the gallant Sir Edmund Lyons is to reap the glorious harvest of his never ceasing vigilance and patient longing to grapple with a subtle and powerful enemy.

On the 17th of October, 1854, the *Agamemnon* gave token in the fierceness of her attack on Fort Constantine, and in the unmistakable impression made by her vigorous fire upon that huge fortress, of the results that would have attended the day's bombardment had the fleet been commanded by Sir Edmund Lyons, instead of the incapable chief whose senility paralyzed his energies, and rendered nugatory his mighty powers. If any one who has witnessed that day's attack, has ever doubted that, if the *Britannia* had set the example which the *Agamemnon* did not require, of going within proper range of the batteries we were pretending to attack, the sea defences of Sebastopol would have been levelled with the ground, we only hop

that individual was present to-day—the 17th of October, 1855, to witness the attack on Fort Kinburn, and the earth batteries on the peninsula which separates Dnieper Bay from the Black Sea.

The weather, which, ever since our arriving off Odessa, on the 8th inst., had been variable, but always unpropitious, either for disembarking troops or the successful operating of gun and mortar boats, became favourable on the morning of the 14th, when the fleets weighed, and, no doubt, greatly to the satisfaction of the inhabitants of Odessa, steamed slowly towards Dnieper Bay, at the entrance to which are situated the forts of Kinburn and Otchakoff, the destruction of which were the objects of the expedition.

We arrived off Kinburn Spit in the afternoon, and on the following morning, Monday, the 14th, the day being very fine, we commenced disembarking the troops on the Spit, about two miles to the right of the town of Kinburn, which is about a quarter of a mile to the right of the Fort. The boats never ceased working during the day, and by eight o'clock at night the whole were disembarked, 5,000 English (including two field-batteries of artillery) and 8,000 French. Some of the boats' crews, who by a mistake had not been supplied with their provisions for the day before leaving their ships, actually toiled the whole day at their oars—from four o'clock in the morning till eight at night—without tasting either victuals or drink; and yet, from the cheerful alacrity with which they evidently performed their duty, and their boisterous mirth when any of the "soldiers" seemed frightened, as the towing of the steamers sent a little water over the gunwales of the flats, lest their part in the fight should terminate in the flat proving a general coffin, no one would have supposed that Jack was without his salt junk, much less his grog. But it was fortunate the landing was effected on that day, for on the two following days, the 15th and 16th, the weather was such, and the surf on the beach so heavy, that neither horses nor artillery could possibly have been landed, while the disembarking of the troops would have been attended with the greatest difficulty.

The anxiety in the fleets on these two days was very great, as the weather would not permit them to commence operations, a smooth sea, as I observed before, being essential to the effectual manœuvring of the gun-boats and mortar-vessels. The morning of the 17th dawned dull and threatening, with rain; but a fresh breeze was blowing off the land, which would soon make and keep a smooth sea. At seven a.m., the British Admiral signalled the French Admiral, "I intend to attack to-day." At eight a.m., "Gun-boats and mortar-vessels up steam." At about nine a.m., the three French floating batteries got under way, and began steaming towards their station, 600 yards off Fort Kinburn; at the same time the English and French mortar-vessels took up their stations off the same fort; and in a few minutes, the floating batteries having neared their station, the fort began to open fire upon them, and upon the *Lyons* and *Arrow* gun-boats, that were approaching to draw the fire off the floating batteries till they had anchored. Presently the *Lyons* opened fire with Lancaster shell, and the *Arrow* rounding to at about 800 yards distance, commenced firing. The gaze of the whole of both fleets within sight of the *Arrow*, was at this moment upon her, as the beautiful little thing glided along amidst what appeared to be, as they fell in the water, a perfect shower of cannon-balls, from the fort; and under the whizzing of shells from the English and French mortar-boats at a long distance outside of her. After the fourth or fifth gun from her, her firing appeared to be slow, even for a vessel with only two guns, and it was thought she must have been struck by some of the shot which we all thought had missed her. In a few minutes afterwards, she ceased firing, and began to retrace her adventurous steps, everybody thinking she must be severely injured, especially as we could clearly discern a considerable portion of her starboard side knocked away. As she neared the fleet, now preparing to weigh, she signalled, "Both guns burst." As she passed up to the Admiral, she was anxiously hailed by every ship, "Anybody hurt?" to which they received the almost unexpected, and I may add gratifying, answer, "Only two men—one seriously and one slightly." I say gratifying, because it seemed miraculous to everybody that, seeing the terrible fire she had passed through, and the damage she had sustained, as well as the extraordinary accident that had occurred on board of her, that she should have had so few casualties. In the morning, it is said that her commander gaily remarked, he hoped—

"The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
Would keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack."

Your readers will probably believe that the prayer must have been heard and granted.

By 11 o'clock a.m., the floating batteries and mortar-vessels were in full operation, and in spite of the well directed fire of the enemy were beginning to make a visible impression on his works. A building inside his fort had been set on fire, and was now beginning to emit clouds of smoke. All this while, the earth batteries had been firing a long range upon the floating batteries and upon such of our ships as came within their range in passing down to Fort Kinburn. The steam squadron now began to take up position and open fire upon them, under the orders of Rear-Admiral Stewart, in the *Valorous*. The fire of the *Terrible* was remarkable for its precision and damaging effects. The *Curaçoa* was also remarked for her excellent performance against batteries, which, however, continued to keep up a heavy fire in spite of the repeated broadsides of the *Terrible*, *Leonore*, *Sidon*, and others of our steam frigates, as well as some of the French.

At half-past 12 o'clock the line-of-battle ships weighed, and proceeded to take up their stations off Fort Kinburn, at 1,200 yards distance. I send you herewith a sketch, showing the positions of the fleets at 2 o'clock, when the line-of-battle ships were engaged, and when the bombardment was at its height.

At ten minutes past two the *Royal Albert* hoisted a flag of truce in answer to one hoisted on the Russian Fort, and made the signal "Cease firing." One English and one French boat were seen to leave the *Royal Albert* and *Montebello* simultaneously, and pull for the shore. On Lieutenant Lyons, the Flag-Lieutenant to the Commander in Chief, who had been sent with the flag of truce, landing at Fort Kinburn, he was met by a Russian officer, a Colonel of Artillery, who told him to be off, that they would have no truce and no terms, that they would never surrender but with their lives, and that the flag of truce had been hoisted on the Fort without his knowledge, and that he was Commander of the Fort. The boats on receiving this answer were about to push off and return, when they observed an officer signalling them from the ramparts. This officer turned out to be the Governor of the place, who had ordered the flag of truce to be hoisted. Then commenced a scene between the Governor and the Colonel of Artillery. The Colonel upbraided the Governor, whose breast was covered with medals and orders, with being a coward and no Russian, for yielding up the place. The Governor placed his hand on the hilt of his sword in a threatening attitude, and demanded of the Colonel, where the troops were to live in such a bombardment, that had laid everything in ruins within the garrison. "If you wish to commit suicide," he added, "sit down upon a cask of gunpowder and blow yourself up, but I will not needlessly sacrifice the lives of the soldiers intrusted to my care; I therefore surrender to a superior force." The surrender was unconditional, but the Admirals generously returned the officers their swords, in token of their esteem for the brave defence they had made against the bombardment; and

truly their defence was heroic. The number of Russians killed and wounded is stated by themselves to be one hundred and seventy-six. The only casualties in the British fleet are two wounded in the *Princess Royal* and two in the *Arrow*. One of the French floating batteries was struck by 79 shot and shell as indicated by marks upon it, yet had only one killed and seventeen wounded, which I believe is nearly all the casualties in the French fleet.

I went on shore the next day, and a dreary sight presented itself. Never was the destruction of a place more complete; the whole of the front of the stone fortification being literally knocked to pieces, and the entire fabric reduced by the fire of the shipping to a mass of rubbish. No doubt exists in the mind of any one who has seen the effects of the bombardment of this place, that Sebastopol might have been ours a year ago had Admiral Lyons been Commander-in-chief.

I noticed a party of French officers breakfasting in the open air, in the centre of the forts, amid the shattered walls of falling houses, while the unburied corpses were lying within a few yards of them. On the morning of the 18th, the Russians on the Otchakoff side, seeing the fate of Kinburn, blew up the fort; and they are now, while I am writing, busy getting up some of the guns from the ruins to higher ground in the rear, for the defence, I suppose, of the town.

The quantity of material we have captured is very considerable, nearly 100 guns and mortars, besides large quantities of small arms. A commission is sitting upon it, to adjudicate upon its value and distribution between the conquerors. At least, I suppose, this is the intention, although our people are often heard complaining of the manner in which the French seize upon everything, whether public or private property, that fall into their hands. They are the first to enter every captured place, when they constitute themselves sole masters and proprietors of everything the place contains. If one of our officers ventures to help himself to such a thing as a sword or a musket, a French sentry immediately arrests him, and makes him lay it down, unless, indeed, the officer chooses to bribe the sentinel with a dollar, when he may take anything he pleases.

An expedition is intended by the Admiral, under command of Rear-Admiral Stewart, with the steamers and gun-boats, to reconnoitre Nicolaieff. They start to-morrow (19th).

We have been informed by a Russian deserter from the Otchakoff side, that the Czar witnessed the destruction of his batteries on Kinburn from Otchakoff, and that he signalled to them that if they would hold out till next night, he would send them reinforcements.

I forgot to mention, that the number of prisoners we took in the forts was 1,200.

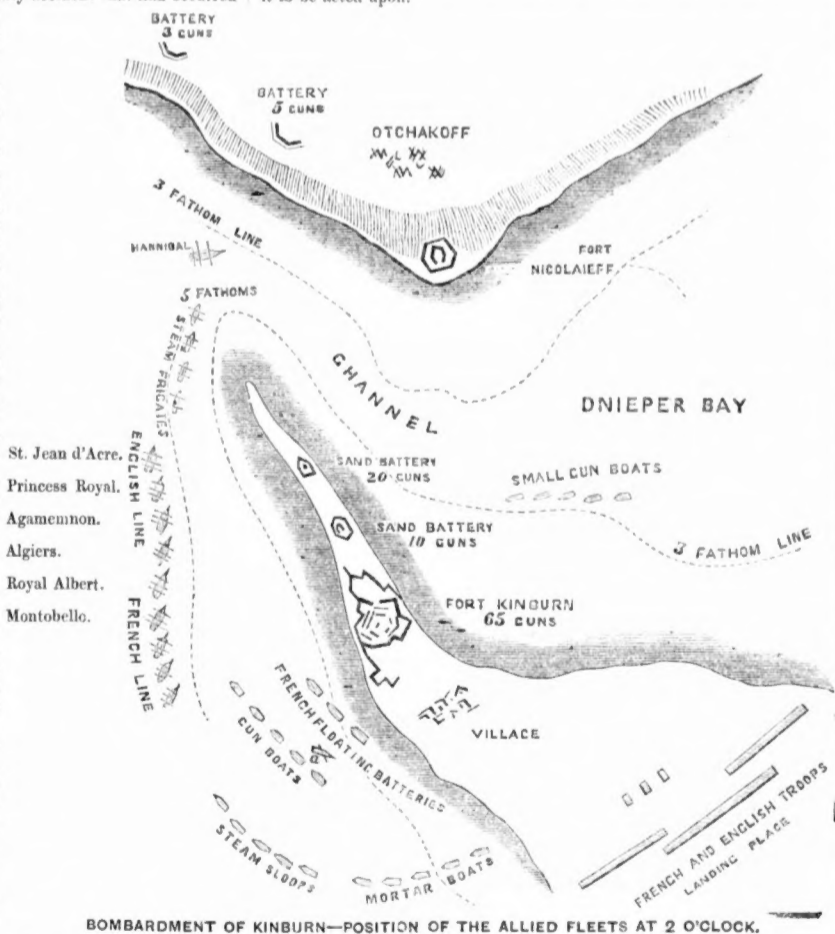
The French gun-boats failed to force the passage into the Dnieper bay, but ours succeeded.

A brilliant affair occurred on the day before the great attack. One of our small gun-boats, the *Clinker*, made a dash through the passage from the inside, to communicate some important information to the Admiral. The forts on both sides blazed away, but could not hit her. The *Clinker* is commanded by the same gallant officer who lost the *Jasper* gun-boat, after one of the most determined defences that has occurred during the war.

An expedition started this morning under the command of Rear-Admiral Stewart, (who has his flag in the *Valorous*), consisting of gun-boats and steam-frigates, to reconnoitre the Bug River and the approaches to Nicolaieff. The French Rear-Admiral accompanies him in command of French gun-boats. The *Arrow* having burst her guns, does not go in this expedition.

THE BLOCKADE OF KHERSON AND THE DNEIPER.

ACCOUNTS from Constantinople to 29th ult. state that Admirals Pelion and Stewart were blockading Kherson and the Dnieper. It appears that they have been up the Bug, and have ascertained that the river is navigable for large ships. This intelligence is important, and we may look for it to be acted upon.



KINBURN SPIT AND FORTS.

Our readers are, no doubt, by this time aware that the neck of land on which Kinburn stands is a long narrow tongue running up from the eastward into Kherson Bay at the extreme northern tip of the Black Sea. At hardly any point does this spit of sandbank attain a greater breadth than a mile, whilst at the fort, and thence on to its north-western extremity, it narrows down to less than half that width. At about two miles and a quarter from the point stands the fort, an octagonal work, originally mounting 64 guns, of which the south-west, or sea face, formerly mounted 35. At present, however, the only guns which were in working order on this side when we anchored before the place, were fourteen heavy pieces apparently placed en barbette, but which, on going through the interior, were found to be not strictly so, but mounted on high carriages, which raised them to a level with the outer parapet of the work. These unprotected guns armed the north-western and south-eastern fronts of the fort; whilst three buildings on the sea-face were pierced with a single row of embrasures for eighteen more. The opposite side, bearing on the bay of Kherson, had formerly mounted twenty-four cannonades; but it, too, had been numerically reduced, and scarcely a dozen were yesterday brought to

learn on our gun-boats and other vessels attacking it from the inside water. The centre of the fort, as seen from the sea, consists of low chimneyed buildings and storehouses, not casemated, or in any way protected overhead from the fire of an enemy's guns; whilst a low substantial stockade ran down from the outer walls to the water. The walls themselves consisted of an outer facing of masonry, about two feet thick, veneering a bank of earth; and nearly all the embrasures which pierced the covered face of the fort had been closed up, some with wood and the remainder with blocks of stone. About a mile farther up the spit, in the direction of its northern extremity, stands the middle battery, a low open earthwork, presenting only three embrasures to the seaboard on its south-eastern front. A couple of small white houses, which served as a barrack for the artillerymen, adjoin its southern side. Then, lastly, at the extreme end of the spit, looking towards the opposite Nicolaieff Fort on Otchakoff Point, is the third work, a casemated earth battery, connected with the former by a covered way. These two minor works mounted in all some ten or a dozen guns.

OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

THE following official despatches from Rear-Admirals Sir E. Lyons and Sir H. Stewart have been received.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR E. LYONS' DESPATCH.

"Royal Albert, off Kinburn, Oct. 18.
"I have the honour to state that we arrived at a rendezvous off Odessa on the 8th inst., but, owing to strong south-west winds, which would have prevented the troops from landing, it was not until the morning of the 14th inst. that the expedition was enabled to reach the anchorage off Kinburn.

"During the night the English steam gun-vessels *Fancy*, *Boxer*, *Cracker*, and *Clinker*, and four French gun-vessels, forced the entrance into Dnieper Bay, under a heavy, but ineffectual, fire from the Spit Fort, and on the following morning the British troops, under the orders of Brigadier-General Hon. A. A. Spencer, together with the French troops, under the command of General Bazaine, were landed about three miles to the southward of the principal fort, and thus by these nearly simultaneous operations, the retreat of the garrisons and the arrival of reinforcements were effectually cut off.

"In the evening, the English and French mortar-vessels tried their ranges against the main fort with excellent effect.

"The wind having again veered round to the southward, with a great deal of swell, nothing could be done on the 16th; but in the forenoon of the 17th, a fine northerly breeze, with smooth water, enabled the French floating batteries, mortar-vessels, and gun-boats, and the Odin and the mortar-vessels, and gun-boats, to take up positions off Fort Kinburn; and their fire was so effective, that before noon the buildings in the interior of the fort were in flames, and the eastern face had suffered very considerably.

"At noon, the Royal Albert, *Agamemnon*, and *Princess Royal*, accompanied by Admiral Bruat's four ships of the line, approached Fort Kinburn in a line abreast, which the shape of the coast rendered necessary, and the precision with which they took up their positions in the closest order, with jib-booms run in, and only two feet of water under their keels, was really admirable. At the same moment, the squadrons under the orders of Rear-Admirals Sir Houston Stewart and Pelion pushed through the passage between Otchakoff and the spit of Kinburn, and took the forts in reverse, whilst the *St. Jean d'Acre*, *Curaçoa*, *Tribune*, and *Sphinx* undertook the centre battery, and the *Hannibal*, *Dauntless*, and *Terrible* that on the point of the spit.

"The enemy soon ceased to reply to our overwhelming fire, and, though he made no sign of surrender, Admiral Bruat and I felt that a garrison which had bravely defended itself against so superior a force deserved every consideration, and we therefore made the signal to cease firing, hoisted a flag of truce, and sent on shore a summons, which was accepted by the Governor, Major-General Kokonovitch, and the garrisons, consisting of 1,400 men, marched out with the honours of war, laid down their arms on the glacis, and, having surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, they will be embarked in her Majesty's ship *Vulcan* to-morrow.

"The casualties in the Allied fleets are very few, amounting in her Majesty's ships to only two wounded. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded is, I fear, very severe.

"In the three forts, which have suffered considerably by our fire, we found eighty-one guns and mortars mounted, and an ample supply of ammunition.

"This morning the enemy has blown up the forts on the Otchakoff Point, which mounted twenty-two guns, and we learned from a Polish deserter, who escaped in a boat from them during the night, that the commandant apprehended an attack from our mortar-vessels, which would not only have destroyed the fort, but also the neighbouring dwellings.

"I have abstained from entering into the particulars of the proceedings of the squadron under the orders of Rear-Admiral Sir H. Stewart, as he has so ably described them in the letter which I have the honour to enclose, from which they Lordships will perceive that I have received from him on this occasion, as, indeed, I have on all others since I have had the good fortune to have him as second in command, that valuable assistance which might be expected from an officer of his distinguished and acknowledged merits; and I beg leave to add my testimony to his, in praise of all the officers, and especially Lieutenant Marryat and Mr. Brooker, whom he recommends to their Lordships' favourable consideration.

"To particularise the merit of the officers under my command, where all have behaved admirably, would be a difficult task indeed; but I beg leave to mention that the same officers of the Navy and the Royal Marine Artillery, who were in the mortar-vessels at the fall of Sebastopol, are in them now, and that on this occasion, as before, they have been under the direction of Captain Wilcox of the Odin, and Captain Digby of the Royal Marine Artillery. Nor can I refrain from stating what I believe to be the feeling of the whole fleet, that on this expedition, as on that to Kertch, the talents and indefatigable exertions of that very valuable officer, Captain Spratt, of the Spitfire, and of those under his command, entitle them to our warmest thanks, and deserve to be particularly mentioned.

"I need hardly say that my distinguished colleague, Admiral Bruat, and I, have seen with infinite satisfaction our respective squadrons acting together as one fleet."

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR H. STEWART'S DESPATCH.

Admiral Stewart in his despatch to Rear-Admiral Sir E. Lyons, bearing date in Dnieper Bay, Oct. 18, says:—

"I have the honour to inform you that, in pursuance of your orders, I hoisted my flag in her Majesty's steam frigate *Valorous* on the afternoon of the 14th inst., immediately after the arrival of the Allied fleets off Kinburn Spit, and proceeded, under the able guidance of Captain Spratt of the Spitfire, to take up positions at the entrance of Dnieper Bay, where, with the division of steam vessels placed under my orders, and in company with those under the orders of my colleague, Rear-Admiral Odet Pelion, we remained in readiness to force an entrance into the Dnieper for the purpose directed by you, of preventing, as far as possible, any reinforcements being thrown into the forts on Kinburn Spit, as well as to cut off the retreat of the garrison, should either be attempted.

"At 9 p.m. I instructed Lieutenant Joseph H. Marryat, of the *Cracker*, to take on board Mr. Edward Brooker, additional Master of the Spitfire, and endeavour with him to determine the course of the intricate channel through which we were to pass, and to lay down buoys along the south side of it; the French having undertaken to perform the same service on the north side.

"I likewise directed Mr. Thomas Potter, Master of the *Furious* (lent to do duty in the *Valorous*), to proceed with two boats of the *Tribune*, and, protected by the *Cracker*, to search for the spit on the north bank, and on his return endeavour to place a buoy on the edge of the shoal off Kinburn Spit, that the entrance of the channel might be assured.

"As soon as the preconcerted signal was given, indicating that this operation was effected, I despatched the *Fancy*, *Boxer*, and *Clinker*, into Dnieper Bay, with orders to anchor in such position as would best protect the right flank of our troops, upon the disembarking taking place, and to make that their chief care, as long as there was any possibility of the enemy threatening them.

"During the night, Rear-Admiral Odet Pelion also sent in the French gun-boats for the same purpose.

"At daylight on the following morning I had the satisfaction of observing all the gun boats, French and English, anchored safely to the north-east of Kinburn Fort, and without any of them having sustained damage, although the enemy had fired shot and shell and musketry at them during their passage in. Thus the chief part of the object most anxiously in view was accomplished.

"While still in considerable doubt as to the extent to which the channel for the larger ships was buoyed, at 10 a.m. Lieutenant Marryat and Mr. Brooker came to inform me that the work entrusted to them had been completed, and that the latter officer was ready to pilot the ships in. The zealous desire evinced by these officers to furnish me personally with their report on the difficult navigation of the Dnieper deserves my warmest thanks, and the gallant manner in which Lieutenant Marryat brought the *Cracker* out for that purpose, under a very heavy fire from the whole of the forts and batteries, elicited the admiration of all who witnessed the proceeding.

"As the service entrusted to me was carried out under your own observation, I feel it to be unnecessary to do more than to record my grateful sense of the very satisfactory manner in which the whole of the ships under my orders took up their appointed stations, and of the manner in which all employed performed their duty.

"I think myself fortunate in having for my temporary flagship so efficient and well-ordered a man-of-war as the *Valorous*, and I feel much indebted to Captain Buckle, and his zealous First Lieutenant Joseph Edye, for their unremitting attention and assistance.

"I am delighted to add, that in concerting with our gallant Allies, the arrangements necessary for carrying into effect the present successful operations, I have received the cordial support and concurrence of my excellent colleague Rear-Admiral Odet Pelion."

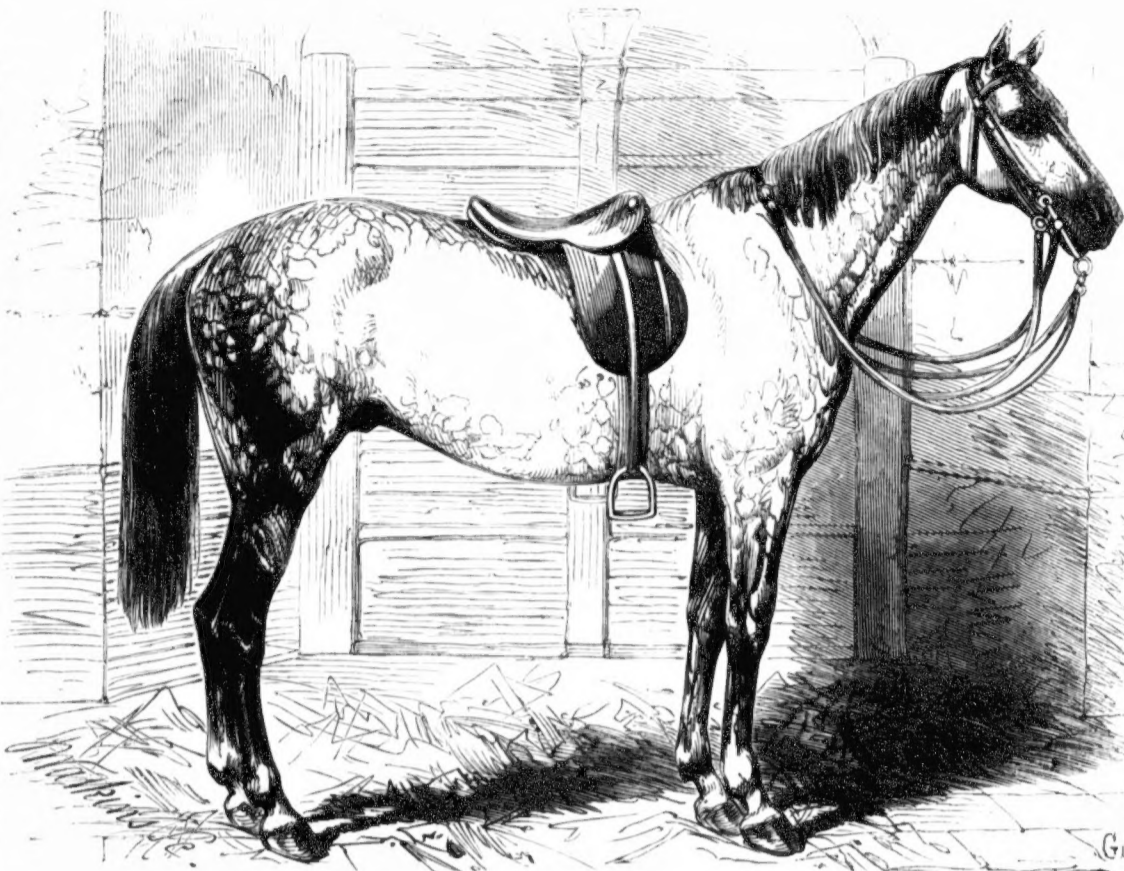
**SIR GEORGE BROWN'S
CHARGER, "ALMA."**

AMONG the many minor incidents connected with the Crimean campaign, there are few, perhaps, more interesting than the hair-breadth escapes to which the gallant gray charger of General Sir George Brown has been subject, whilst engaged in carrying this intrepid officer through the numerous and dangerous duties which were allotted to him in his brilliant career.

During the early portion of the Crimean campaign, the animal, we believe, was used in the heavy reconnoitring work in which the Gallant General, then commanding the Advanced Division, was engaged, frequently, with indomitable energy, performing sixty miles in less than twelve hours, let the weather be what it might. He carried his intrepid rider, too, in the battle on the banks of the tortuous little stream of the Alma, on the memorable 21st of September—one of the most bloody and determined struggles in the annals of the war; and in that conflict he was wounded no less than nine different times within the three hours that the great battle raged. Whilst other animals were ripped open by shells from chest to loin, as though by a surgeon's knife, and lay prostrate on the field of carnage in the last pangs of death, with glaring eye-balls, distended nostrils, and gnashed teeth, the gray charger of the General, who is in his sixty-fourth year, though necessarily conspicuous in the heat of the conflict, carried his rider safe through the Alma stream, and half-way up the disputed heights, that were darkened by Russian masses; when, being repeatedly struck, he fell, together with his rider. But the noble animal soon regained his feet, causing the well-remembered ejaculation from Sir George, of "23rd, I'm all right—be sure I'll remember this day," and forthwith bore the Gallant General up to the close of the battle, till the Second and Light Divisions crowned the heights, on which the Russians had made their determined stand.

That night, whilst the Allied armies bivouacked on the field of strife, the gray charger, subsequently called "Alma," in honour of the day, was placed under veterinary care, and eventually removed to the hospital, where seven bullets were extracted from him. Most of his "honoured marks" are on the off-side of the animal. He received two shots on the thick part of the fore-leg, and one in the neck, whilst two more entered the chest and penetrated to the girths. Another passed through the throat; and a

seventh struck the top of his off hip, and took a piece out of the skirt of Sir George's coat. Two other marks are visible in front of the saddle on each side of him, and were apparently caused by pieces of shell, some of which were taken from him while at Leamington, where he was fomented daily. A piece, also, was cut out of Sir George's saddle, when another wound was inflicted. There was something miraculous in the preservation of the General, whilst the noble animal that bore him was so plentifully pierced with the torturing balls of the enemy. The subject of our sketch, "Alma," being invalided, he was not with Sir George when the latter was shot through the arm at Inkermann, but we believe that he subsequently accompanied the General in the land expedition, against Yenikale and Kertch.



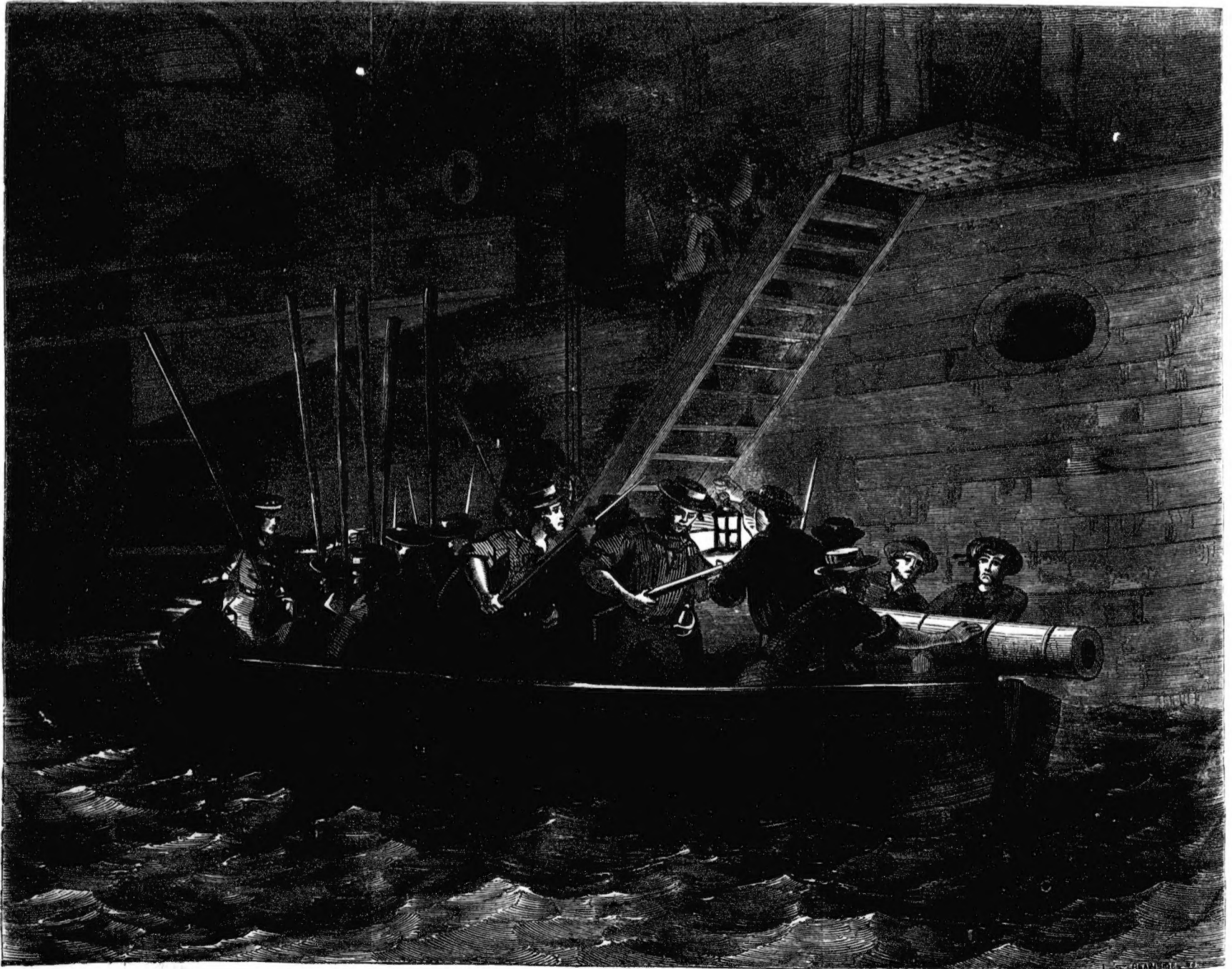
SIR GEORGE BROWN'S GRAY CHARGER, ALMA.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL, OF LEAMINGTON.)

The accompanying engraving is copied from a photographic picture of the horse, taken by Mr. Henry Russell, of Leamington Spa, during the recent visit of Sir George to that delightful watering-place. Standing about sixteen hands high, of a dark speckled gray colour, with a handsome switch tail falling to the point of the hock, and a fine flowing mane on the near side, (the usual military fashion), with a handsome head carried well up, the horse will be noted as a beautiful specimen of a charger. Of his early history, we know nothing, further than that he was bred in Scotland, and was purchased by Sir George from Mr. Osborne, a London dealer, when only four years old, and he is now rising nine. He is a light built, weight-carrying horse, proportionately made, and, though apparently a little high in the hip, will look much better when he "fills out," as he probably will do with care and regular feeding, after he has properly recovered his health.

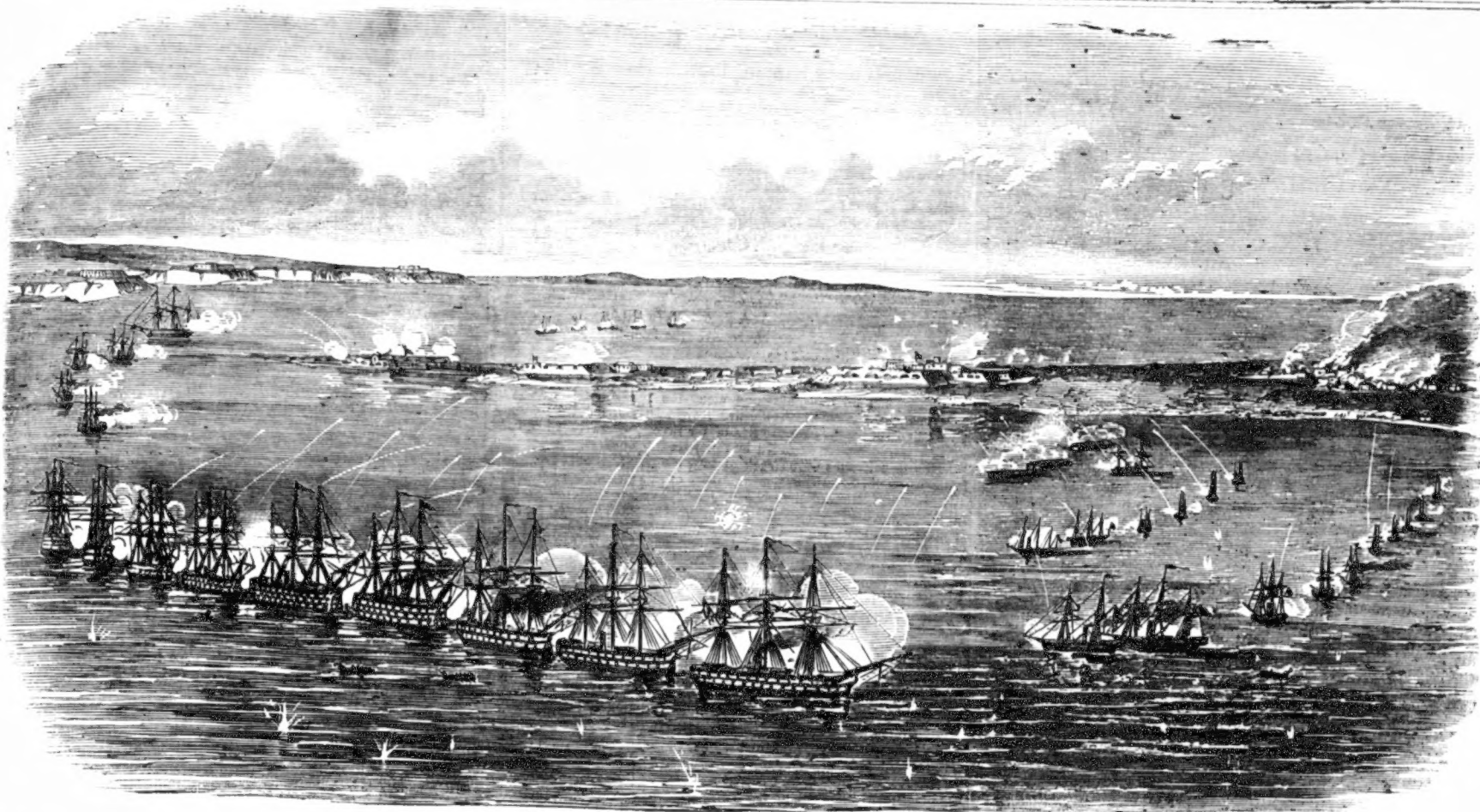
**SHIP'S BOAT PREPARING TO
TAKE NIGHT SOUNDINGS.**

THE engraving now before us represents a man-of-war's boat preparing to "shove off" for a very important night duty—that of taking soundings and laying down buoys within range of the Russian batteries at Kinburn. A portion of this skilful and hazardous service, was confided to Mr. Thomas Potter, master of the *Ferious*, who accomplished it entirely to the satisfaction of his commanding officer. Indeed, it is to his skill that we are indebted for no vessel running aground during the subsequent eventful proceedings that terminated in the utter destruction of the Russian Forts.

"Her Majesty's ships and vessels of war" (as the "Articles of War" have it) are supplied with boats of very various sizes. The large ones alone—like the "launch," &c.—carry guns; and such is the present boat. The men are armed with muskets, pistols, and cutlasses. The officer in command is generally a 'mate, though, on important occasions, a lieutenant would also be sent. Each boat has its own proper crew, and its own proper officer. So that let us suppose the launch to be wanted—"Launch's crew to muster," or "Away there, launches!" rings down the hatchway; the quartermaster rushes off to tell the officer, and everything is soon in active preparation.



SHIP'S BOAT FITTING OUT AT NIGHT TO TAKE SOUNDINGS OF THE CHANNEL OF THE DNEPR.—(DRAWN BY E. T. DOLBY.)



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF KINBURN.



GENERAL BAZAINE, COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH FORCES ENGAGED IN THE EXPEDITION TO KINBURN.

officer, who rapidly pencils them in his note-book, and the perilous work goes on. Sometimes, it is so carried on under the very nose of the enemy, and within a few yards of his fortress.

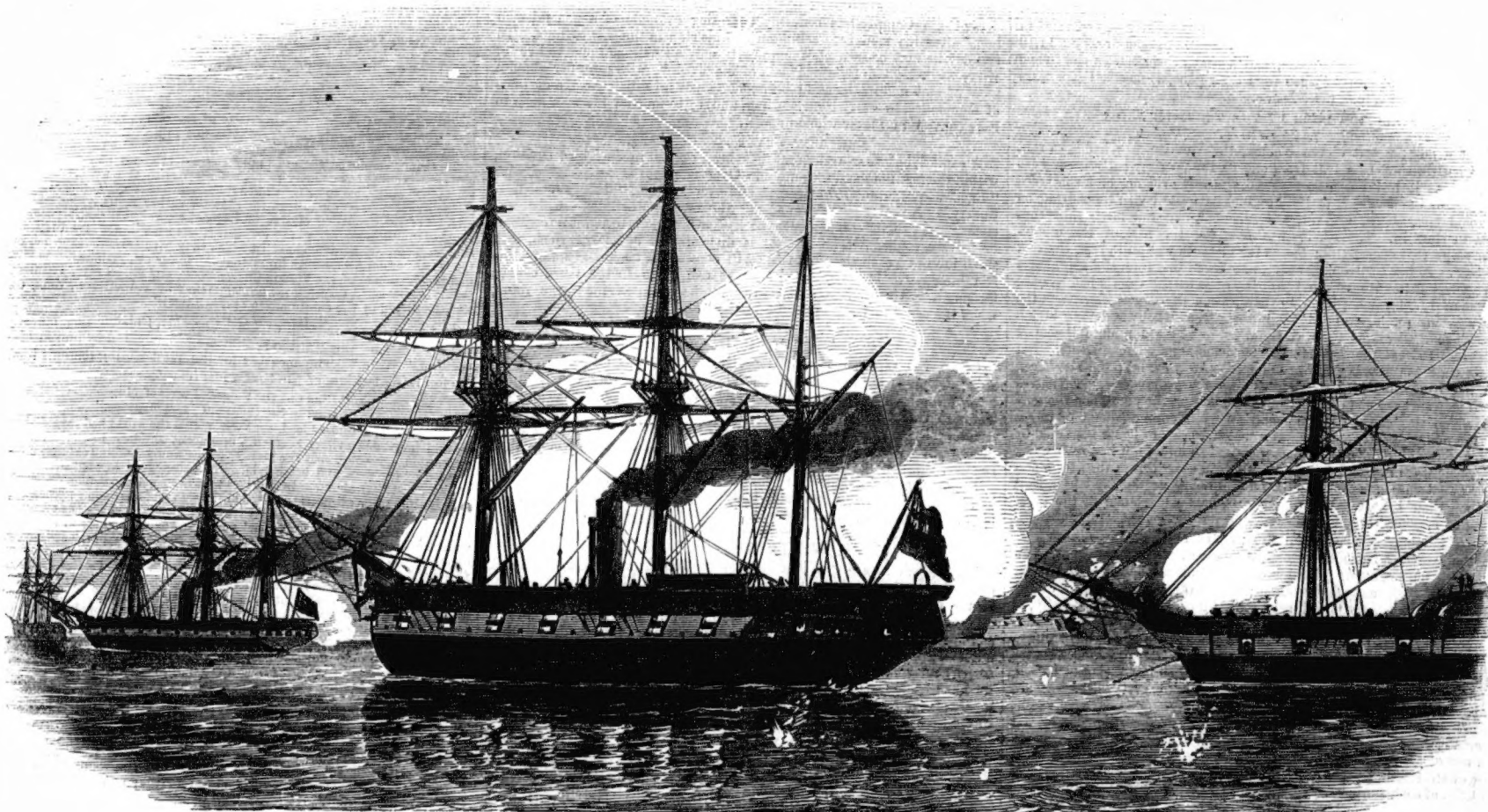
Perhaps a quick eye and a quick ear on the battlements is aware of something wrong. Instantly, the alarm is taken; and shot or shell come whistling through the night air at the boat. On one occasion, as we are informed, a shell burst so near a boat of the *Future*, in the Baltic, as to extinguish the lantern, and blow away the officer's papers, yet did no more damage. On such occasions, "give way!" is the order, and the boat thunders along to the offing. Of course, if a proper chance occurs, they "show fight," the 18 or 24-pound brass gun is brought into play, and bustle ensues.

It needs no great imagination to picture the joy with which, after a good and safe night's work, our boat returns alongside. The men go happily away to their hammocks, possibly after being treated to a dram by their officer, who no doubt arrives just in time for a share of the "watch-stock," or refreshments of the gentleman who has the middle or morning watch.

GENERAL BAZAINE.

GENERAL BAZAINE, the subject of the accompanying portrait, is the gallant officer who commanded the French troops forming part of the successful expedition of the Allies to Kinburn, and his career is one of those which almost realise the great Napoleon's idea of every French soldier carrying a marshal's baton in his knapsack. Bazaine received his education at the Polytechnic School, Paris, and, having completed his studies at that seminary, he volunteered into the military service in 1831, and next year formed one of the French army destined for conquests in Africa—the nursery of many renowned warriors.

In 1835, after the battle of Macta, Bazaine was decorated with the *Avin d'Honneur*, and then went to Spain, where, with the auxiliary French division, he took part in the hard campaigns of Catalonia, adding to the fame of the Foreign Legion.



ENGLISH FRIGATES ENGAGING THE KINBURN FORTS.

Returning to Africa about 1840, with the rank of captain, he served in the several expeditions of Miliani, Tlemcen, Morroia, and Sahara. For a considerable time he had the management of affairs in the subdivision of Tlemcen, and in 1847 a despatch of General Lamoricière made laudatory mention of the part played by him at the surrender of Abd-el-Kader and the peace of Algiers.

Bazaine, rising gradually in his ennobling profession, became *chef de bataillon* in 1844, and lieutenant-colonel in 1850; and in 1851 he was promoted to the command of the First Regiment of the Foreign Legion, in which, twenty years earlier, he had figured as a non-commissioned officer.

While governor of the subdivision of Sidi-Bel-Abbes, Bazaine was appointed to the expedition in the East. The two regiments of the Foreign Legion were then formed into a brigade, to the command of which he was named; and at the head of this force he arrived before the walls of Sebastopol in October, 1855—the very day on which the bombardment commenced. His recent promotion is the reward of the part he has taken in the operations and enterprises of this memorable siege, in the progress of which his name was more than once mentioned with honour.

Immediately after the fall of Sebastopol, Marshal Pelissier marked his appreciation of the conduct and valour of Bazaine, by appointing him governor of the town; and on the 22nd of September, he was raised to the rank of general of division.

On the 7th of October, General Bazaine embarked at Kamiesch, at the head of a corps d'armée, on the important expedition, the result of which was the capture of Kinburn; and when that strong position, with 1,420 prisoners and 174 guns, was on the 17th of October, in the power of the Allies, General Bazaine forwarded to Marshal Pelissier the Russian colours taken from the fortress, as a trophy of the victory achieved by the brave troops under his command.

THE KINBURN EXPEDITION.

THE FLEET BEFORE ODESSA—WHAT WAS SEEN AND DONE.

A hot bright sun lighted up the round mirror of sea of which we were the centre on the morning of Oct. 8. As we slowly drew up to our inevitable "five miles S. by E. of Odessa," we passed a wonderful creation, which, compared to the slow efforts of our ancient builders, seemed almost the work of enchantment. There stood an extensive city, built on the curve of a high seashore, with descending terraces and broad flights of steps to the beach, which was enclosed by broad quays and the walls of forts and casemated batteries, all shining brightly in the morning sun. Broad esplanades or boulevards lined with trees towards the sea-front ran along the top of the bank, with a background of stately mansions worthy of the best "rows" near the Regent's Park, and we could see a numerous and gaily-dressed crowd of men and women all along the promenade, gazing on the dark clouds of smoke which were slowly drifting in on them from the distance. Behind and in continuation of this esplanade are splendid residences, with pillared porticos and ornamented peristyles, magnificent public institutions.

The city was as peaceful as a drop scene at the theatre, but the operations of war were going on nevertheless, and little could we tell what alarm, confusion, terror, and dread dwelt within that beautiful city on which we gazed so placidly. As the first ship of the English squadron east anchor, a long line of dust was observed rising over the hilly coast to the north of Odessa and by the beach, which is lined with trees and a thick hedge of bushes, and we soon made out bayonets glistening in the sun, and a strong body of Russian infantry, with field-pieces and baggage, consisting of some 5,000 or 6,000 men, marching in all haste towards the city.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE CAPTURE OF KINBURN.

I have just seen the garrison march out with some of the honours of war, their church plate, pictures, and religious relics, the officers with their swords, the men with their belts and provisions; but it is forbidden to enter the precincts of the shattered fortress, which is still covered with a canopy of black smoke, as the Governor and a few desperate men are grimly watching till the troops come in to fire the mine and involve all in a common ruin. He has not surrendered, but he has been abandoned by his garrison, who did not desire the honours of such martyrdom as a few hours' further resistance would have certainly insured. A gloomy and terrible picture. This fanatic old warrior, surrounded by dead, and dying, and wounded, waiting in his lair in darkness barely dispelled by the lurid light of the burning fortress till his enemy comes near that he may destroy and be avenged.

Cet. 17. This morning the Russians perceived that the French had crept up during the night to the ruined village, and were busily engaged in making their first parallel, under cover of the houses, at about 700 or 650 yards from the place, whereupon they opened a brisk fire upon them from the guns en barbette on the eastern curtain; and were answered by two French field-pieces from the screen of a broken wall. It was a dull gray dawn, with a wind off the shore, and the sea was quite calm. The floating batteries opened with a magnificent crash, at 9.30 a.m., and one in particular distinguished itself throughout for the regularity, precision, and weight of its fire throughout the day. The enemy replied with alacrity, and the batteries must have been put to a severe test, for the water was splashed in pillars by shot all over them. At 10.10 the bombs opened fire. At 11.10 a fire broke out in the long barrack, and speedily spread from end to end of the fort, driving the artillerymen from their guns, while small explosions of supply ammunition took place inside.

THE DESTRUCTION DONE BY THE TERRIBLE AND OTHER LARGE SHIPS.

About a quarter past eleven o'clock, the Russian flag had been shot down from its staff by a ball from one of the floating batteries or gun-boats, and as it had not been replaced, the only evidence of a continued resistance by the defenders of the fort and batteries lay in their firing an occasional gun. This, however, was sufficient, and the large ships continued to close in. The *St. Jean d'Acre* was the first of the line-of-battle ships that opened fire; but as the distance was still great, the shot fell short. A few scattered discharges followed this from the neighbouring vessels, but the firing did not properly open till the vessels had reached a range of 1,000 yards from the shore, when the *Royal Albert* and the *Algers* swung round, dropped their anchors, and delivered their broadsides. The *Agamemnon* followed; and in less than a minute the *Acre* and *Princess Royal* thundered forth their booming accompaniments. But by this time the Russian fire had almost entirely ceased; the *Terrible*—with her irresistible long sixty-eights—*Curacoa*, *Dauntless*, and *Tribune* had already silenced and demolished the battery on the point, and the only guns which still spoke out the enemy's defiance were a couple of pieces from the middle battery and the fort—which were now being powdered by the ten large ships at a rate that promised to level both in double quick time. The walls of the fort literally crumbled away before the iron storm which swept into and over them from 500 heavy cannon, and in almost less time than I have taken to write it, hardly one stone of the outer coating of masonry stuck to another along its whole face.

SCENES WITNESSED AFTER THE SURRENDER.

In the wretched chamber through which we were now passing, (says a correspondent), some fifty poor fellows lay stretched and groaning under the agony of their untended wounds; whilst others, who had previously occupied their pallets through illness, looked hardly less worthy of pity, as they turned upon you their lean, ghastly countenances, and hollow, death-tokens eyes. The close, fetid air of the place drove us speedily through it into the inner enclosure of the fort. Here every square foot that the eye fell upon was smashed and ploughed up with round shot and shell. Amongst the burning buildings, roofs had been everywhere knocked in and walls riddled, reminding one of Sebastopol on a small scale, and presenting to the eye a wreck-scene such as only earthquakes or war can create.

In one of the fortifications, which had evidently been used as a cook-house or storeroom, a party of Frenchmen were busy in appropriating large quantities of cabbage, onions, eggs, candles, potatoes, rye bread, and fresh meat. Some of them had pounced upon a poor old sow with her litter of young ones, and, having distributed amongst themselves the latter, were haggling away with a small and very blunt pen-knife at the throat of the mother when I came up. A bright idea suddenly struck one of them, and

he forthwith made sundry experimental stabs in search of the victim's heart; but her noisy struggles, long after I left the spot, proved the operator's knowledge of porcine physiology to be decidedly scant. In another part of the same line of houses, I came upon a second hospital room, in which were only four men, but with them was one woman who had been wounded in the leg. I must do this female subject of the Czar the credit to say, that on my entering the room she burst into a most unaccountable fit of angry gesticulations and shouts, which soon relieved her of my presence. In the next apartment to this there lay three dead men, all of them evidently killed by the same shell, which had burst through the old embrasure and exploded amongst them; these were the only dead I saw inside the fort, as all the others had been already removed for burial by the French. I may just add that our Allies took possession of this larger work, and left us to occupy the two empty batteries beyond.

OPERATIONS AT EUPATORIA.

THE French Minister of War has received the following telegraphic despatch from Marshal Pelissier:—

"Sebastopol, Nov. 2.

"On the 27th of October last, General d'Allonville, with 24 battalions, 38 squadrons, and 56 guns, advanced along the road from Eupatoria to Simpheropol, as far as the Tchobatar ravine. He found the Russians firmly established on the opposite side of the ravine, where they had constructed an intrenchment, defended by thirty-six 32-pounders. A few men and horses in our ranks were struck at long range. Every attempt made to bring the enemy to an engagement outside of this strong position failed. Ten Russian squadrons fell back before four Turkish squadrons, whom General d'Allonville had sent against them. On the following day, the same manoeuvres were renewed with no better result. The want of water in front of Sack, and the difficulty of obtaining fodder, decided the General on returning to Eupatoria on the 29th. The environs of this place, for a great distance round, have been wholly abandoned by the Russians."

THE CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

STATE OF THE CAMP.

Oct. 22.—The anticipated attack on our position has not taken place, and matters are resuming gradually their condition prior to the alarm. The road-making is again progressing. The accumulation of forage and stores for the winter is an object of particular concern, and fatigue parties and every available means of transport are pressed in the furtherance of this service. A certain amount of drill having been practised in the several divisions, the troops are now about to be exercised at ball practice. The health of the army continues excellent.

A CHANGE OF POSITION.

There has been some talk of the Third Division moving from their present position on the extreme left of the British encampment, and taking up the ground near Inkermann which was originally occupied by the Second Division, under Sir De Lacy Evans. The hills overlooking the valley of Inkermann are somewhat unprotected, and, on the other hand, since the French guard the town of Sebastopol, and their camps extend from it to the extreme left, the Third Division have no particular duties in that direction. Two French regiments have been lately moved towards Inkermann. The presence of the Russian army on the north Inkermann heights, and the threatened attack, led to the adoption of this step.

MOVEMENTS OF THE RUSSIANS.

The enemy continues to be very actively employed about the new earth-works on the opposite side of the roadstead. The number of guns in the batteries has also been increased, and an active discharge of shot and shell is directed against Sebastopol and the Karabelnaia. The guns also on the cliffs overlooking the Tchernaya valley have not been idle, but, with little effect, have been frequently seeking to annoy the French in the right flank, or troops from the encampments in the plain going to water at the river. The Russians have a line of sharpshooters in ambuscades at gunshot distance from the stream, which passes along the aqueduct to the reservoir.

ALTERED APPEARANCE OF SEBASTOPOL.

The characteristic appearance of our approaches, and of the Russian works, such as was offered to view immediately after the final bombardment and retreat of the Russians, is fast fading. Already, in some parts, the change is so great that observers are bewildered in trying to recollect former impressions; and old campaigners, laid low on the 8th of September, but now sufficiently recovered to revisit the scenes of conflict, fail at first to recognise their former haunts, or to find particular spots in the trenches bearing especial interest, as the scenes of hair-breadth escapes to themselves, or of sad mutilations and fatal injuries to their friends and companions. Batteries are dismantled; platforms, timber, and every kind of military store removed; gabions and fascines carried away for firewood; new roads and paths made irrespective of shelter, convenience only studied in their direction; trenches filled and openings cut where required; and time, the leveller, with the assistance of his active agents, storm and rain, is helping in the work of demolition.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL AND HIS MEN.

Sir Colin Campbell is certainly a striking example of a general who looks after his men before himself and his staff in the way of huts. To this day he may be seen at Kamara with only a small marquee to live in. Every week-two thousand men of his division, with a proper complement of staff and regimental officers, march down to Balaclava, a distance of four miles, to carry back hutting, and by to-morrow the men hope to have conveyed up their whole number.

NEW RESTAURANT FOR OFFICERS.

A capital, but dear restaurant has been opened in the Third Division, within the last ten days, for officers. Over one door is a sign-board, with "Incoffe—restaurant for officers;" and over another, "Bakery in confectionery." A sentry patrols round the whole wooden building—which was commenced two-and-a-half months back—having orders to admit no civilians or private soldiers. The interior is divided into one large room, with small tables on each side, and two small ones where officers generally dine and breakfast. Large dinners, like the one given to the three officers forming the United States Commission take place in the large room, when the small tables are joined together.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

OMAR PACHA, from accounts recently received, was still at Soukoun Kale, and preparing to march on Kutai. His operations were said to have been impeded by the sickness which had broken out among the Tunisian troops which form part of his army. More recent information states that Omar Pacha will operate with the Circassians in the rear of Mouraviev's army. This may possibly, however, be nothing more than rumour.

Kars was still closely hemmed in, but was expected to be soon revictualled. General Williams had made every preparation for an obstinate defence. The price of wheat had nearly doubled at Trebizond.

THE WHITE SEA BLOCKADE.

The French Minister of Marine has received from Captain Guilbert, commanding the *Cleopatre* frigate and the French blockade of the ports in the White Sea, a report dated October 29, of which the following is an extract:—"The Commander of her Britannic Majesty's forces and myself had laid down the rule that we should destroy all the coasting vessels, but suffer to pass unharmed other small craft that might appear to belong to particular localities exclusively. But having subsequently learned that they had made use of these latter for conveying 2,000 muskets to different points of the coast, and this, too, as it were, under our very eyes, we resolved to prevent all kind of movements on the part of boats, no matter how small they might be, and this resolution has been rigorously carried out."

OTCHAKOW IN ITS PRESENT STATE.—Otchakow contained, according to the last census, 2,705 inhabitants, living in 478 houses. The works of defence, formerly of importance, had been allowed to run to ruins, and were only armed with 16 old and rusty pieces of cannon. Near the fortress was a bastion called St. Nicholas. The mercantile port is roomy, and formerly the place carried on an active trade with Nicolaief, Kherson, and Odessa.

MR. COBDEN ON THE WAR.

MR. COBDEN has just addressed to Mr. Edward Baines, senior-editor of the "Leeds Mercury," a letter, inviting his attention and that of the public to some considerations of grave moment relative to the state of our army, as connected with the policy of the present war.

"The people of England," writes the member for the West Riding, "can never have been aware of the state in which our army has been left, from the first moment of its landing in the Crimea, owing to the insufficient number and defective quality of its reinforcements. Had the people been, as they ought to have been, frankly and honestly dealt by in this respect, they would in their own persons—if the war has been as popular as has been alleged—have long ago supplied the deficiency. I am bound also to assume that that large portion of the newspaper press of this country which has advocated the landing of our forces in Russia must have been equally uninformed of this vital defalcation; or, worse, while vaunting of the unanimous support which the people were tendering to the Government, it would not have concealed from them the greatest and most urgent of all wants, men, and thus have prepared us for the ignominious dilemma to which boastful professions and abortive performances have, I fear, consigned us. For the Government alone no plea of ignorance can be put forth, they have known all, and the fact of their holding office invests them with entire and exclusive responsibility."

After quoting from the report of the Sebastopol Committee, and stating that the reinforcements sent to the Crimea, have been defective in quality and insufficient in number, Mr. Cobden says—

"It will be seen by a comparison, that while our sick and wounded, exclusive of killed, averaged for the four months, October, November, December, and January, nearly 18,000 a month the recruiting was going on at the rate of only 5,100 a month. It was admitted by Lord John Russell in the House, last December, that the recruits fell short by 20,000 of the number voted by Parliament; and in the session of the present year an independent member of Parliament in the presence of Ministers, stated without contradiction, that the deficiencies amounted to 40,000. And during all this time, when our army was wasting away for want of that succour which the Government could not send, 'owing'—to quote the evidence of the Duke of Newcastle—"to the unwillingness of men to enlist to the extent to which the House of Commons had increased the English army,"—during all this time (I say it only as a warning for the future) our war journals and orators were assuring us that the people were far more eager for the war than the Government or Parliament."

"The evidence before the Sebastopol Committee brings us down to May only, but, unfortunately, we are not without ocular proofs that the quality of our recruits has not since changed for the better. Any one who walks the streets of the metropolis and casts his eye at the sentries standing guard at our public buildings, or glances at a batch of recruits at drill, or who observes the group of youths with which the recruiting sergeant is busy in our villages, will need no further evidence that it is still the 'gristle,' not the bone and muscle of the country, which is passing into the ranks of the army; and, unhappily, recent events in the Crimea have startled us into a conviction of the dangers of (to borrow from the brilliant pen of the 'Times' correspondent) 'trusting the honour, reputation, and glory of Great Britain to undisciplined lads from the plough or the lanes of our towns and villages;' for it is well known, and ought, in justice to the officers, to be publicly acknowledged, that in the late unsuccessful attack on the Redan the men became massed in inextricable confusion, not from any lack of individual courage, but owing to an absence of the coolness, nerve, and self-possession which age, and age alone, can give."

"And how is it, I would respectfully inquire, that the purport of what I have narrated should be better known and appreciated everywhere than in England, and that while, to quote the words of the 'Times'—the truth of which I can confirm from recent personal experience on a restricted field of observation—'in every café and promenade in Europe, the conversation has been of the sorry figure which England has made in the present war,' not one word of warning has been addressed to the country, or a single appeal made to the people, for a supply of efficient men to fill the vacant ranks of the army, which the people, and the people alone, could fill? How is it, on the contrary, that while the most unmeasured censures have been heaped on the Parliament, Government, aristocracy, and military commanders, our press, platform, and even our pulpits, have, during all this time, teemed with more fulsome laudation of the people of England than was ever before lavished on a community in the same space of time? I will not be tempted at present to pursue this inquiry; it would lead me aside from the practical question to which I beg to invite your attention and that of other leading advocates of the continuance of the war."

"How is it proposed to raise men (not boys) to fight that which I am told is the 'battle of European civilisation and liberty against a despotism which aims at nothing less than universal empire'?"

"There are two methods, equally successful, by which regular armies are raised in foreign countries. The one is by conscription, as in France, where a certain number of men of a prescribed age are taken every year by lot from among all classes, and where the unlucky person who draws the fatal number from the rotating urn, be he peer or peasant, must either serve himself, or find an approved substitute, at an expense varying from £80 to £200, according to circumstances. The other is the plan of the United States, where the Legislature votes the number of the army, and voluntary enlistment supplies the men;—this mode has never been found to fail."

"You will not expect me to say which of these plans should be adopted, or carrying on a war which, in my conscience, I believe to be more unnecessary, rash, and aimless, than any in our history; and which, for the visionary objects avowed by its advocates, has no parallel since the Crusades. But, unfortunately, opposition to a war by no means separates us from its consequences. The safety of the country, the prosperity of its people, the burdens we may be called upon to bear, the probable duration of hostilities, and, above all, because involving all, the effect which the policy and conduct of the war may have upon our character and honour as a nation—all these are matters of as vital importance to the opponents as the advocates of a war; and hence the right they may fairly claim to call in question not only its policy, but the mode in which it is carried on."

"Before I conclude, I would express a hope that the time is not distant when the thoughtful portion of the British public, who in the end determine our national policy, will be awakened to a sense of their responsibility. Let it always be borne in mind that no terms of peace are possible which do not involve the withdrawal of our armies from her territory, and that no injuries which we might in the meantime inflict on her (some of those already committed on her coast will not, I fear, rebound to our credit as a civilised and commercial people) could have any permanent effects to compensate for the losses, miseries, and obvious dangers to ourselves from the indefinite protraction of the war. And by whom is the prolongation of hostilities advocated? With the exception of those in office, to whom peace will bring a day of reckoning, is there a statesman of trust or authority in this country who is not in his heart in favour of peace on terms believed to be now practicable; or can there be found one commanding intellect now employed (unless under the shield of an anonymous irresponsibility) in inciting the country to a perseverance in the war? And for whose benefit are hostilities to be continued? Not for that of Turkey, for every day of their continuance diminishes the chances of her resuscitation—not for the interest of the governing classes of Europe, for they all desire peace—not for those of the 'democracy,' whose eminent chiefs have denounced the war as an aimless waste of human blood in which they have no interest—not even for the benefit of our Ally, for we know that the French Government was favourable to a pacification after the Vienna Conference; and report says, I believe truly, that it is now again disposed for peace. What human interest, then, can possibly be served by the continuation of hostilities?"

In the closing paragraph of his letter, Mr. Cobden very cleverly twists the Laureate for the warlike sentiments promulgated by him in his recent poem of "Maud." The member for the West Riding reminds him, after the following fashion, of the time when he sang—

"Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

"We have been told, indeed, that war, which the world had regarded as but at best an inevitable evil, is in itself a beneficent antidote to the selfishness of a mercantile age—and that the manly virtues would become extinct, unless invigorated by the siege and battlefield. There are minds so wanting in moral conscience, that they abandon themselves to every popular emotion or frenzy of the hour,—who, when all hearts exulted at the signs of international peace, declaimed of the horrors of war,—who, now that the demon of carnage has away for a season, sing of the 'canker of peace,' and who would be ready to mope and mow with madmen to-morrow if Bedlam could be but one day in the ascendant. Such are they who now ask us to believe that the spectacle of human passion and suffering which has been enacted during the last year in the Crimea, and which has converted that fair scene into an earthly pandemonium, is necessary for the social regeneration of mankind,—that the purer feelings and affections of our nature find a healthy development in an atmosphere so foul and unbrutary every faculty of life cannot breathe it,—that an employment where men bring every faculty to the task of destroying others, and preserving themselves from destruction,—that there is the school to unlearn selfishness, and to train us to the disinterested love of our species! We are asked to believe these things. Yes, when we are prepared to pronounce the New Testament a fable, and Christ's teachings an untruth, we will believe them, and not till then."

REFORMATORY INSTITUTIONS.—Mr. W. Miles, M.P., in his recent charge to the grand jury at the Somersetshire Quarter Sessions, made some remarks on the subject of reformatory institutions, and, regretting the want of accommodation for often experienced, suggested that a bill should be introduced into Parliament giving the power to magistrates to unite and erect a reformatory institution for their several counties. He also hoped that Parliament would give the magistrates assembled in quarter sessions the power to charge the expenses of such reformatory on the county rates, not compulsorily, but in such manner as the magistrates might think proper.

LORD STANLEY ON MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

At a recent *soirée* held at Bolton, to celebrate the entrance of the Mechanics' Institute of that town into new and more convenient premises, Lord Stanley presided, and, in the course of his speech, said:—

"What, at their outset, were Mechanics' Institutions meant to be, and what may they become? Of these institutions, taking altogether, large and small, rich and poor, flourishing and depressed, there are in the United Kingdom about 200, let 25 years; they are increasing still, and probably will increase until no town or large village remains unprovided in this respect. But it would be idle to deny that, in general, the quality of the teaching given is insufficient, whatever may be the case with its amount. They are not what they ought to be—not what they were meant to be—not what they may be made. What is the reason of it? First, I would observe that circumstances have materially altered. 30—20 years ago, there were no public libraries, no museums, no lecture-halls, no news-rooms for the people—scarcely a school, except the village school, where the mere rudiments of instruction, reading and writing, were acquired. All those various purposes had to be served—all those objects accomplished, by one and the same agency. Some years ago, the public were wearied, and not much instructed, by many itinerant teachers, who went about the country rather advertising themselves than really diffusing knowledge; and mere single desultory discourses on miscellaneous subjects are now in small request. The special function of mechanics' institutions is, therefore, confined within comparatively narrow limits. They must take new ground, make their duties more definite than hitherto, or prepare for a competition which it is not probable they can sustain. They ought to be, in fact, provincial colleges for those who want the leisure and the means to complete their education elsewhere than in their own neighbourhood; and, with a view to make them so, two plans have been suggested, both of which deserve consideration, and one, at least, may be received at no distant date. The first—I should mention that it originates with Lord Alfred Harvey, president of the Bury St. Edmund's Athenæum—is to the effect that, on requisition made by a certain number of educational societies in any part of the country, and on their undertaking to pay a proportion—say, half—of the cost, educated and trained men shall be sent down by the Universities to deliver a series of lectures, forming thus a connected and consecutive course of teaching, on any selected subject. That is a plan to which, I believe, no objection would be raised—I am sure none reasonably can be—by the University authorities; it is, in fact, merely proposing that those who cannot go to Oxford or Cambridge shall have Oxford and Cambridge brought to them; and of the importance of the suggestion no one can doubt who knows, as most of us do, the difficulty of getting educated and accomplished persons to give for the benefit of these societies the time and labour requisite to prepare even one valuable and thoughtful lecture. There are scores of young men at the Universities who have taken high degrees, who are fully qualified as instructors, who are not yet absorbed in the business of any profession, and who would gain as much by being brought into contact with the industrial part of the community as their hearers would gain from them. The other plan named—one for which we are not fully ripe, but which I throw out for future consideration—was originated by Lord Eglinton, and, I think, discussed some time ago by the Society of Arts. It is to the effect—that wherever a certain number of students, boys or young men, with a certain degree of attainments, can be brought together at no great distance from their homes—say, for instance, in the chief town of each county—competitive examinations should be held in the various branches of study, and conducted by competent persons, to the intent that those who have profited by the teaching given in these institutions may carry with them into the world a certificate of proficiency which they will find useful in after life. That is a proposition requiring some thought and previous arrangement before it can be practically worked out; but it is, I believe, sound in principle, and at least worth notice."

SIR JOHN McNEILL ON THE WORKING CLASSES AND DIVISION OF LABOUR.

The introductory address to the session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution was delivered last week (in the absence of the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, M.P., President of the Institution), by Sir John McNeill, G.C.B., lately one of her Majesty's Commissioners to the Crimea. Sir John said:—

"He was afraid that all that the vast majority of our working classes learned at school or from books afterwards, was but a small and comparatively unimportant part of that education which really formed their minds and determined their characters and their habits. If we could search back to the sources from which we derived the information that had been most useful to us in the ordinary affairs of life, most of us, he believed, would be forced to acknowledge that we owed it chiefly to example—to experience, observation, and intercourse with the world; in short, to that part of education which was not taught in our schools and was not learned from books. But what were the social defects which the instruction now received in our schools was expected to remove? Intemperance, improvidence, mismanagement of their affairs, want of cleanliness and order, and consequent want of comfort and decency in their dwellings—all tending to debase and impoverish. It is not very long since drinking was a vice nearly as common and as much tolerated among the wealthy and educated classes in Great Britain as it now continued to be among working men. Reform had begun at the top of the scale; it had descended, and would continue to descend by the influence of example. He was sanguine enough to hope that the time was coming when, by the operation of the same cause, that vice which was the greatest bane of our race, would be regarded by our working classes with the same disgust as it now was by the wealthier portion of society. They followed the bad example, and they would follow the good. But it was evident that the school could do very little to bring that vice into discredit. Then, as to improvidence, bad management, want of cleanliness and order, neither school, education, nor books, could do much to counteract these bad habits. They could only be inculcated by the example of the parents and of the home. At present, the working classes had neither instruction nor example to guide them in the management of their ordinary affairs, for they received no instruction at school in the matter, and the example of the upper classes was more calculated to mislead than to guide them. Might not, however, instruction in the guidance and management of the common affairs of life be made a part of the ordinary course of the school? Might not a teacher, for example, make his more advanced pupils understand how much might be done, in the ordinary working lifetime of a man, by small weekly savings—explain the accumulation of interest—the advantages of savings-banks—of insurance—of small Government annuities—and the various means within their reach of making provision for the future—the advantages of a regular settlement of all accounts, and the immediate investment of every available balance, however small? Might he not enable pupils of riper age to comprehend the relations of employer and employed, and the identity, where rightly understood, of their apparently conflicting interests?"

After referring in general terms to our soldiers now in the Crimea, and in particular to their ignorance respecting many things essential to their efficiency and daily comfort, Sir John said:—

"Now, that kind of helplessness in our soldiers to which he had referred arose from the similar helplessness of the classes of our population which furnished the recruits. The minute division of labour in a highly civilised community reduced the individuals of whom it was composed to a condition as helpless, whenever they are separated from it and thrown upon their own resources, as if the arts of civilised life had not yet been invented. But that was not its most important influence. This restriction of a man's daily occupation to what might be truly described as the production of the fractional part of a unit, must have a tendency to narrow and cramp his intellect, and prevent him from acquiring versatility of mind, and variety of ideas, unless active and efficient educational measures were employed to counteract the effect of his ordinary occupation, and to expand his mind. Thus high civilisation, by producing a minute subdivision of labour, had a tendency to confine and depress the intellect of large sections of the working classes; unless that tendency were carefully and systematically counteracted by education. It might be difficult to determine how far this effect of the division of labour ought to be considered as influential in producing that solid ignorance and indifference to everything intellectual that marked a certain portion of the population, especially in large manufacturing towns; but there could, he thought, be no doubt that it demanded anxious attention, and that the existence of this tendency was an urgent additional reason for extending and improving the means of education, especially in our towns."

RECENT ACCOUNTS from Portugal announce that the King has prorogued up to June, 1856, the law which fixes a duty of 5 reis per alqueire on all foreign wheat, maize, rye, barley, oats, flour, and other cereals; and that the measure had received the approbation of the Legislature immediately after its assembling.

LONDON AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

(Continued from No. 22.)

XV.

HONORABLE MENTION IS MADE OF CERTAIN ARTICLES OF ENGLISH ORIGIN.

ENGLAND is represented at the buffet—

1. By the Englishmen who are generally there in large numbers.
2. By the pale ale.
3. By the sandwiches.
4. By the Englishmen, many of whom sit there *en permanence*.

It is to be regretted that none of the English women wear either blue uglies, green veils, or gipsy hats; the form of which appears to have been suggested by the dripping-pan, and about which the most favourable thing that can be said is, that they bear a distant resemblance to the champagne glass of modern life, inverted, and with the stem broken off.

It is further to be regretted, that the draught pale ale is served in glasses which are only calculated for holding the amount of water necessary for the sustenance of a moss rose.

That the sandwiches appear to have been cut with a view to their transmission through the post, at the rate of twelve to the half-ounce.

That the Englishmen do not bring their turn-up bedsteads with them, so as to save themselves the trouble of going home to sleep.

XVI.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A FIVE-SOUS PIECE.

ON Sunday, as we have before observed, the price of admission to the Exhibition is only four *sous*, but—as on other days—no change is given at the doors. Near the entrance, a *bureau* has been established, where two *sous* are charged for changing a piece of gold, and one *sous* for changing a piece of silver.

A gentleman who enjoys a high reputation for judicious economy, is said to have presented himself at the entrance on Sunday, with a five-*sous* piece in his hand. Finding, however, that no change was given, he took the trouble to walk as far as the *bureau*, where, on depositing his five-*sous* piece, he received the full equivalent in copper, minus a *sou* deducted as the usual fee for changing a silver coin.

Now, the equivalent in copper for the nearly obsolete five-*sous* piece is only four *sous*, so that the economical gentleman in fact only received three *sous* from the hands of the young lady at the *bureau* of exchange.

As three *sous* would not pay for his admission, and he had no more silver about him, he was obliged to change a twenty-franc piece—an operation which cost him two out of his three *sous*. It is even asserted that the whole of the change being given him in silver, he was obliged to pay away his remaining *sou* to get one of the silver pieces changed for copper.

He returned to the Exhibition a poorer, and let us hope a wiser, man.

XVII.

THE SACKBUT, PSALTERY, AND ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THE instruments exhibited in the musical department are doubtless very fine, but that is no reason why they should all be played at once.

Something ought certainly to be done to stop the rivalry between the manufacturers of pianos, which is calculated to produce the most awful results.

No sooner is the first bang heard from one of Herz's pianos, than one of Erard's instantly replies to it, like a Russian battery roused by the fire of the Allies. An incessant rattle then takes place, and continues until the musical artillery is silenced on one side or the other.

Luckily, M. Sax's monster horns have not yet been heard. If it should be his intention to have either of them tried, we hope he will see the propriety of warning his friends beforehand. There is an historical precedent for his doing so, for was not a letter of caution sent to Lord Montagu when the gunpowder plot was about to be carried into execution? M. Sax, however, should remember the fate of Jericho.

The accordion is not a musical, but a decidedly unmusical instrument, and accordingly ought not to be played in public. Some dog in human form was producing a howling sound from the contrivance in question, when, with a view of hurting his feelings, we gave him a two-*sous* piece. He appeared, however, to like it, and continued howling, in the hope, probably, that we should give him another.

We trust our readers will believe us when we state, that we did not do so.

XVIII.

PIANISTS OF ATTRACTION.

NUMEROUS young ladies, some with ringlets, some with *acrocroche-cours*, others with ordinary *bandeaux*, frequent the musical-instrument department, either for the sake of "practising" with economy, or in order to exhibit their proficiency as pianists.

Both classes of young ladies contribute to increase that Pandemoniacal hubbub for which the musical-instrument department is remarkable, and which suggest so vividly the *finale* to the second act of the "Etoile du Nord." But while the student pianists really attain their object, the pianists of proficiency generally fail in theirs.

It is said that the latter class of young ladies expected, by means of their piano-strings, to entangle the hearts of rich foreigners. Men, however, seldom fall in love with young ladies simply because they can perform brilliant feats of gymnastics on the piano.

They don't even marry them, unless they are tolerably sure of getting them an engagement.

It was rumoured that one young lady had actually received an offer, but it turned out to be only an offer of a ticket for the *Jardin d'Hiver*. She believes that she has made a conquest of the gentleman, while he is of opinion that he has made a conquest of her; so that there will be no possibility of deciding the matter except by a fight.

XIX.

WHAT TO SEE AND AVOID IN THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH PAINTINGS.

DELACROIX, Decamps, and

Ingrès.

M. Ingrès has, at his own request, been put into a room by himself. The coldness of his colouring—arising, in all probability, from the great height to which he has carried art—has rendered it necessary to place a stove in the middle of his department, which might be called, without impropriety, the "department of the Upper Alps."

XX.

THE BRITISH TOURIST ON HIS RETURN HOME WRITES A BOOK.

"WHY not?" we hear him exclaim. "Are you not writing a book yourself at this very moment? Who gave you the privilege to write books yourself, and then sneer at others for doing the same?"

As it is impossible to answer these attacks *ad hominem*, we proceed with our subject in spite of the tourist's scowls.

We have been favoured, then, with a view of some of the manuscripts intended for publication, and they certainly appear to have been written by lineal descendants of the gentleman who, on landing at Calais, perceived a red-haired woman, and immediately wrote in his note-book, "All the French women have red hair."

But Tomkins must have a chapter to himself.

XXI.

PARIS AND THE PARISIANS, BY TOMKINS.

MR. TOMKINS appears to have got hold of a drunken cicerone, and we must do him the justice to say, that it would have been difficult for him to find a sober one. It is a well-known fact, that these guides, under pretence of asking information about the position of some street or building, enter half-a-dozen wine-shops in the course of a single promenade, and finally get themselves into such a state of utter bewilderment that they mistake the Madeleine for the Bourse, the Hôtel des Invalides for the Pantheon, and so on. These errors are in themselves trifling, for there can be no doubt that either the Bourse is too much like the Madeleine, or else

that the Madeleine is too much like the Bourse, while, as regards the Hôtel des Invalides and the Pantheon, at all events each of these buildings has a dome. The matter, however, becomes more serious when we find that our author has been led to mistake the Bal Mobile for the illuminated gardens of Versailles, and that he has described two of the Irmas and Herminos of that locality as the Empress Eugénie and the Princess Mathilde—the latter of whom was the only one at all likely to have been present.

Our author's chapter on the suburbs of Paris is charming. He gives descriptions of St. Germain, St. Cloud, and Fontainebleau; but it is evident that the only suburb he has been to is Asnières. Our explanation of the matter is, that the cicerone was attached to a young lady living in Asnières, and, having a praiseworthy desire to see her as often as possible, took his visitor there every day—each time, we need hardly say, by a different route. Seen from the railway station, Asnières, with its celebrated chateau, looks very like Fontainebleau; approached in the omnibus, Asnières, with its delightful terrace, bears a wonderful resemblance to St. Germain; as one advances towards it in the steamer, Asnières, with its lovely park, can scarcely be distinguished from St. Cloud—always supposing that the visitor has never set eyes upon either St. Cloud, St. Germain, or Fontainebleau.

XXII.

THE FRENCH METROPOLIS, BY JENKINS.

MR. JENKINS passed a week in Paris, and appears convinced that the city is always in the same state in which he saw it during her Majesty's visit. We will content ourselves with giving a short extract from his book:—

"The Parisians," writes Mr. Jenkins, "do no manner of work. Like the lilies, they toil not, neither do they spin; but, unlike the lilies, they are to be found all day long on the Boulevards and in the Champs Elysées. They live entirely in *cafés* or in the open air—a mode of existence which is attended with but little inconvenience, as in Paris it never rains. The Boulevards have magnificent triumphal arches thrown across them, and each house is decorated from top to bottom with the flags of France, England, Turkey, and Sardinia. A place at the Grand Opera can only be obtained by means of an introduction from some distinguished member of the Imperial household, but a stall at the Opera Comique can be had for 25 francs."

"The Parisians pass their time as follows:—

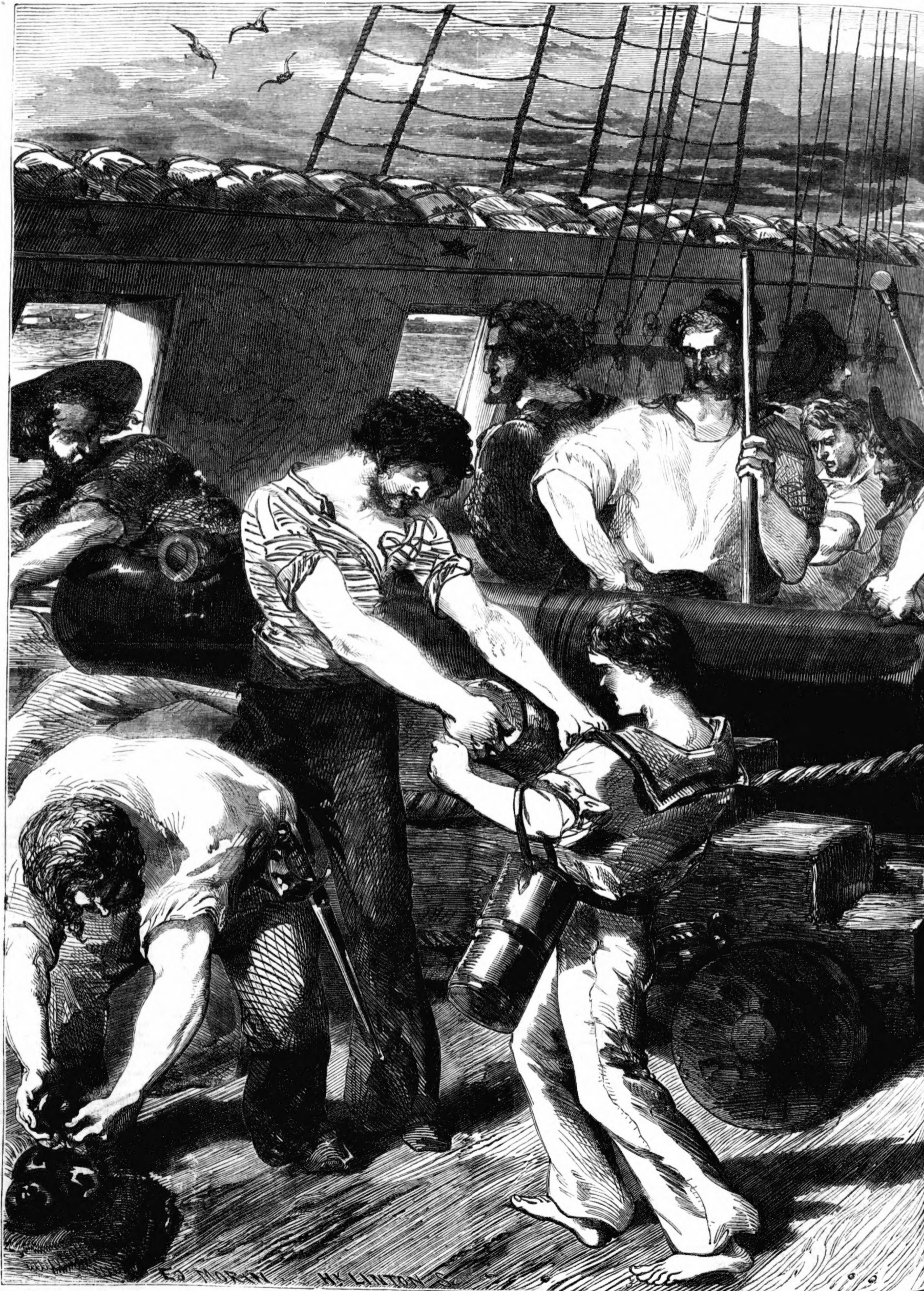
"On Saturdays they go to St. Cloud—a line of soldiers and National Guards being formed along the whole route from the Boulevards to St. Cloud itself. Sunday is devoted to rest. On Monday, there is a *fête* at the Tuileries. On Tuesday there is a state visit to the Grand Opera. On Wednesday there is a grand ball at the Hôtel de Ville—the Hôtel de Ville itself and the whole of the surrounding buildings being gorgeously illuminated. On Fridays the whole of Paris goes to a grand review in the Champ de Mars, which, on account of the extraordinary heat, is generally put off until late in the day. On Friday, it is customary to visit the Opera Comique, where *Haydée*, an opera in three acts (words by Scribe, music by Auber) is performed."

A FEMALE SOLDIER.—The departure of the German Legion for the Crimea has been marked by a romantic circumstance. One of the privates was discovered to be a young and handsome Frenchwoman, the wife of a soldier of the regiment, who is a Swiss. The devoted wife regularly enlisted, and passed muster, it would appear, afterwards. On the discovery of her sex the fact was reported to the colonel, who ordered her to be landed; but she begged so hard, and her appeal was so heartily and generally supported by the comrades of her husband, that she has been allowed to accompany him in her capacity as a *soldat pro tem*, as she expressed her determination to fight and die in the same service as her husband. The enthusiasm of the regiment is universal at this unlooked-for episode in the outset of their martial career. So pleased were a number of visitors to the ship, officers, and men, with her spirit and prepossessing appearance, that a subscription was speedily raised of upwards of £20 for her. She shoulders her rifle, and has performed her military evolutions admirably.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT SYDENHAM.—The directors of the Crystal Palace having offered to place at the disposal of the Arundel Society one of their unoccupied industrial courts, for the exhibition of the interesting series of drawings, tracings, and sculptural models belonging to the Society, the offer has been most gratefully accepted, and the result is, an additional feature of attraction at the Crystal Palace, which will not fail to be duly appreciated by all who feel an interest in the illustration of some of the most interesting periods of European art. The collection includes copies of the paintings of Giotto, Fra Angelico da Fiesole, and Domenico Ghirlandajo; of the finest of the Elgin marbles; and of a most beautiful and valuable series of ancient ivory carvings. The portions which will doubtless attract the largest amount of interest are the frescoes, painted by Giotto, in the chapel of Santa Maria della Arena, at Padua. A numerous company assembled on Saturday last, for the purpose of inspecting this excellent collection, when Mr. M. Digby Wyatt, in the course of a most interesting discourse, pointed out those features in the works most deserving of the attention of the visitors, and gave a short historical sketch of the introduction and application of ivory to purposes of decoration. The various specimens were afterwards examined with much interest, and if we may judge from the eagerness shown by the visitors on this occasion, the Arundel Society's court will in future be a source of considerable attraction.

A FEARFUL GALE.—The whole extent of the east coast between Harwich and Cromer was on Saturday last visited by a most destructive storm. It is some years since such an amount of destruction was witnessed. The south-west gales of the early part of last week having moderated, a large fleet of coasters, bound northward, which had sought shelter in the various ports, took advantage of the favourable weather and proceeded to their destinations. They were mostly colliers, in ballast, bound to the Tyne, Hartlepool, Sunderland, &c., and altogether formed a fleet of between 300 and 400 sail. The gale which told with such fearful consequences upon them commenced early on Saturday morning. A most exciting scene immediately followed the outburst of the gale among the fleet, in bearing up and making for the nearest place of shelter. A large number succeeded in reaching Harwich harbour, and of these upwards of forty had lost their anchor and chain cable, averaging from 60 to 100 fathoms in length, with broken windlasses. Others were not so fortunate in seeking refuge, for in the vicinity of the entrance of the harbour four or five are reported to be ashore. It was on the prominent point of the coast, the very easternmost between Orfordness and Aldborough, that the greatest mischief was occasioned. As in the vicinity of the lower part of the Swin, a number of vessels had brought up, in the hope of riding out the gale. Here, however, the storm appeared to be more fierce; the vessels were dashed from their anchorage, and were carried with overwhelming force ashore. The amount of damage on the other parts of the coast is reported to be serious. It is computed that in all more than fifty vessels were driven ashore, a large number of which will, no doubt, become a total loss.

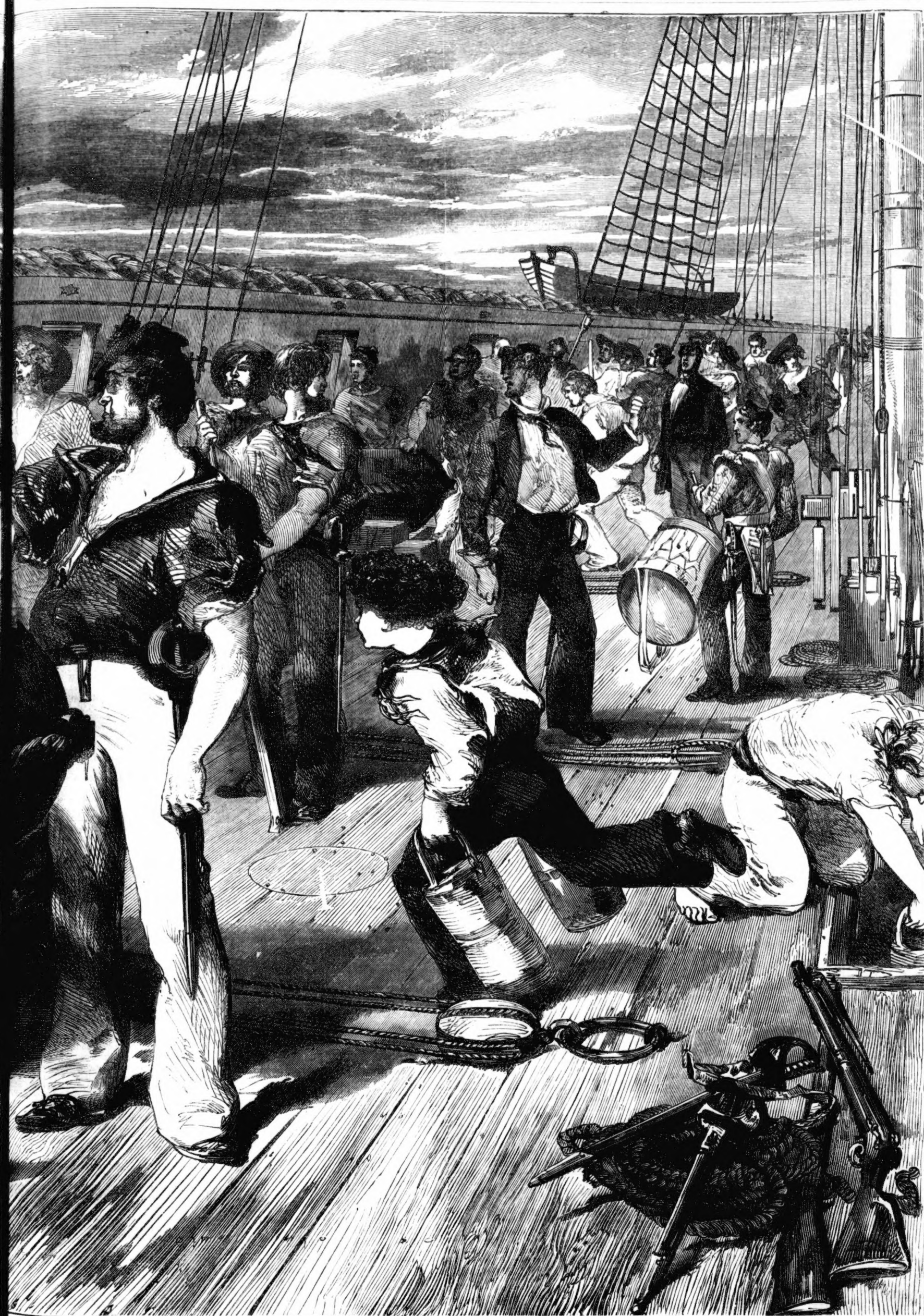
A JAIL CHAPLAIN ON THE BILLETING SYSTEM.—During three-quarters of the year there have been in the prison of Great Yarmouth no fewer than 177 militiamen, many of whom had been delivered to the magistrates by the regimental authorities through their anxiety to maintain order. The system of billets is the cause of these misfortunes. The soldier is exposed to the temptation of drunkenness, the monster evil in this land. Drunkenness is to a great extent a necessary consequence of the billet system. It is not merely that the soldiers spend their own money, but they are liable to be treated by others. Many beerhouses are frequented by the lowest characters of both sexes, and even have houses of ill-fame attached to them. The comfort of the soldier is also interfered with. An instance has happened where several soldiers could not retire to rest because their room was occupied by a revel. When dancing was over at two o'clock in the morning, the floor of the room had to be washed before they could lie down to sleep. They said that they were fairly tired out, and would be glad to get into barracks to be quiet, for they were torn to pieces at their billets.



OFF KINBURN, OCTOBER 17.—THE MAIN-DECK



OF THE TERRIBLE.—"MAKE READY!"



OFF KINBURN, OCTOBER 17.—THE MAIN-DECK

OF THE TERRIBLE.—"MAKE READY!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN answer to numerous inquiries, we have to state that the first volume of the "Illustrated Times" will be completed with the Number for Dec. 29. With the Number for Jan. 5, 1856, an index and title page to Vol. I will be issued.

We have to return our thanks to those numerous known and unknown subscribers who have, from time to time, favoured us with sketches of events, &c., of more or less interest. Many of those remaining unpublished are in the engravers' hands, and will make their appearance in due course.

We take this opportunity of addressing a few words to our numerous correspondents. Although, as previously stated, we cannot afford the space to discuss with them in our columns the various observations and suggestions they address to us, we desire to assure them that all their communications receive a fair consideration, and if the subject on which they write is one that we consider requires a reply, this we shall forward them through the post. Those correspondents who seek information from us on special and often puerile topics will, understand that our avocations do not afford us the leisure requisite for attending to their requests.

C. S. Huddersfield.—If this should meet the eye of the writer of the communication with the above signature, she would much oblige us by stating where a letter may be addressed to her.

MR. NIVEN, of the Botanic Gardens, Hull, writes to us to claim the merit of having designed the grounds attached to the Withernsea Hotel.

A Correspondent who signs himself C. E. has favoured us with a long communication in reference to the versions of Dr. Cumming's interpretations of prophecy, published under the head of "Sayings and Doings," in page 291 of the "Illustrated Times." We have read our correspondent's letter attentively, and feel constrained to inform him that we think the many extracts he furnishes us with from the Reverend Doctor's writings only support the view which he seeks to impugn.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1855.

SOME HOME TOPICS.

WE have in another part of our paper given a full discussion of Mr. CORDEN's letter,—one of the most important documents which has lately appeared. We have pointed out his serious mistakes, but we have done so with the most perfect consciousness that the war ought not to be extended beyond its proper limits,—and this, as our readers know, we have repeatedly urged. That it must, however, be satisfactorily finished within these, is equally certain. If stopped abruptly now, it leaves France higher,—England lower, than they respectively were at its commencement; and our governing system in worse odour in Europe than it has been since the time of Charles the Second. Have we come to such a pitch as to consider that a respectable alternative?

The vacant places in the Cabinet remain (up to our time of writing), unfilled. The offer of the Colonies to Lord STANLEY was honourable to Lord PALMERSTON and Lord STANLEY both. It was a recognition, on the Premier's part, of Lord STANLEY's known talents, and of another quality of his, still rarer,—we mean a studious devotion to statesmanship as the business of his life. It has been so long the fashion to rate everything here by the Parliamentary standard only, that statesmanship proper scarcely exists. We have debates in plenty, and no METTERNICHs nor CHESTERFIELDS; while of the earlier and higher class of philosophic statesmen,—men who studied history and at the same time their own age as part of history,—a specimen is as rare as the capercaillie in Scotland. Without the pedantry of a *doctinaire*, Lord STANLEY has the speculative seriousness of a student, and unites with that a most attentive observation of the living time—without which no man can be worth a snuff as a practical politician. It is an unquestionable honour to him to have been so selected by a veteran judge of men like Lord PALMERSTON—whose forte is probably his knowledge of mankind. At the same time, we cannot wonder that he declined the appointment. The Conservative party cannot be expected to be so pleased with the conduct of the war as that one of their leaders should be anxious to incur the responsibility of approving all that has been hitherto done in it,—which a junction with Lord PALMERSTON and the fragments of the Coalition might be thought to imply. It is as well that we should have some public men during the coming period of arrangement of the Eastern difficulty, who are not committed to extreme views, and of these Lord STANLEY is one.

Dark whispers of the name of Lord JOHN RUSSELL have been recently heard in connection with the post. He is to lecture soon on various "obstacles to progress." It is a capital subject. We especially commend to his attention the great obstacle to all improvement caused by cliquism in politics,—by an undue attention to considerations of connection in forming cabinets—and by the habit of disturbing the country with democracy when you are "out," in order to be perfectly acquiescent in abuses when you are "in." Delivered in a human, genial way,—in a voice and manner a little like that of a clever gentleman, and as unlike his usual one as possible,—this would be a capital discourse. Seriously, we care not to express the intensity of our indifference to the humiliating popularity-hunting of this exhausted pedant and intriguer.

We did not expect that Sir CHARLES NAPIER would come in for Southwark, but SCOVELL says "yes," and resigns in despair—not, seemingly, without sulks. We have, with the freedom on which the "Illustrated Times" prides itself, rebuked Sir CHARLES more than once, when his taste for ostentation has damaged his shrewdness and clouded his gallantry. But we are glad that he has beaten this Mr. SCOVELL,—one of those mere rich, parochial, uncultivated persons, whose intrusion into Parliament is one of the abuses of the age,—admitted even, we believe, by reformers, to be one of the draw-backs of the Reform Bill. During war time there should be practical men acquainted with war, in Parliament. The ignorant interest is far too strong there already; and we hear rumours from the Lincolnshire fens, of candidates in *futuro* who will never be able to speak grammatical English if they live to the age of Old PARR! We are pretty sure there will be a dissolution, before peace or war is finally decided for,—and if British electors will then try and use their suffrage reasonably, they will stand a chance of getting a Parliament which will not only represent them better, but respect them more.

The Sunday riots are literally riots—the basest gatherings of the refuse of mankind. But as some months ago some gatherings which one could not wonder at or severely blame took place—and as, then, the police behaved with extra violence,—why now we have the opposite error, and the police do nothing at all. This is an odd way of managing a civilised metropolis; but it is the way now.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

TOTNESS.—The nomination of a candidate in the room of the Duke of Somerset took place on Monday. Earl Gifford, having been proposed and seconded, and no other candidate appearing, returned thanks, expressed himself in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war, and stated that he would on that account support Lord PALMERSTON in the course which he was now pursuing.

WELLS.—Mr. Sergeant Kinglake has issued a second address, in which he says he has concluded his canvass, and that the result has realised all his expectations.

SOUTHWARK.—Mr. Scovell has, at length, retired from the contest, and left the field to Sir Charles Napier, whose return is now considered to be a matter of course.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN, PRINCE ALBERT, and the Royal children, it is expected, will be at Osborne Palace the first week in December, provided the King of Sardinia does not visit England, which is anticipated.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is, it is said, immediately about to start for Paris, having been most pressing invited to do so by the Emperor of the French.

A CABINET COUNCIL was held on Monday afternoon, at the Foreign Office. The Ministers present were—Viscount Palmerston, the Lord Chancellor, Earl Granville, the Duke of Argyll, Sir George Grey, the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Panmure, Sir Charles Wood, the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, Viscount Canning, and the Earl of Harrowby. The Council sat three hours.

ON MONDAY NIGHT, after the Emperor of the French had returned from a hunting excursion at Fontainebleau, a rumour spread through Paris that he had again been shot at. It was subsequently explained, however, that this arose from the Emperor's coachman carrying, as usual, a brace of loaded pistols, in holsters attached to his box, and one of them accidentally going off, while the carriage was proceeding along the Rue St. Antoine.

LORD HARDINGE, according to Club report, is about to resign the Horse Guards, and have for his successor the Duke of Cambridge or Lord Seaton.

LORD STANLEY is understood to have been offered the Secretaryship of State for the Colonies, and to have declined filling the post, after due consideration.

THE ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM ASSOCIATION held a meeting at Glasgow on the evening of Saturday last, when Mr. Lindsay and other commercial magnates delivered addresses in support of their views.

LORD PANMURE has received from her Majesty the dignity of a Grand Cross of the Bath.

MR. J. LOCKE, M.P., the eminent engineer, in company with two friends, went down the Caen railway from Paris to inspect the works which are going on there, and when examining the tunnel of Boissy, now in course of construction, the scaffolding on which the gentlemen were, fell, and Mr. Locke had a very severe fracture of the right leg below the knee.

THE EARL OF ELGIN is about to be presented with the freedom of the City of Glasgow.

MR. GLADSTONE has promised to lecture in Chester.

BISHOP PHILLIPS having refused to accept Sir John Kenney's late nomination for Escot (the Rev. C. Layard), has now refused to accept the Rev. E. Cox, whom Sir John nominated in place of his last rejected candidate.

AT A SOIRÉE of the Ripon Mechanic's Institution, the Dean, Lord Goderich, M.P., the Hon. E. Lascelles, M.P., and Mr. Peckell, M.P., delivered speeches in favour of reading rooms and people's colleges, on the progress of science, the consumption of smoke, the adulteration of food, the mental superiority of our soldiers to those of former times, and on reformatory establishments.

"BRAZIL VIEWED THROUGH A NAVAL GLASS," with Notes on Slavery and the Slave Trade, is the title of a work announced for January by Mr. Wilberforce, a grandson of the celebrated Philanthropist.

IT IS STATED in the German papers that her Majesty has made Dr. Barth, the African traveller, a Knight of the Order of the Bath, and a baronet.

IT IS SAID that Sir Hamilton Seymour's appointment to Vienna is by no means acceptable to the Austrian Cabinet.

THE ADMIRALTY have ordered some additional mortar-vessels to be built, which are to be completed before February next.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN was celebrated at Birmingham, on Monday, by the ringing and "firing" of bells at the principal churches.

MR. JOY, "a victim of Chancery," is stated by the "Law Review," to have bequeathed £300 to the "Society for the Amendment of the Law."

MR. JAMES WILSON's rumoured resignation of the financial Secretaryship of the Treasury, and acceptance of the Chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue, has, this week, been authoritatively contradicted.

A CORRESPONDENT OF A SCOTTISH PAPER, writing from the Braes of Glenlivet, on Thursday, the 1st inst., says:—"In this quarter we have drifting snow to the depth of some inches, with a piercing cold wind from the north-west, and the plough is entirely stopped."

THE GLASGOW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE has memorialised the First Lord of the Treasury about the operation of Peel's Act of 1844, praying that its action may be suspended so far as respects the Bank being restricted in its issue of notes beyond the £14,000,000 to the amount of bullion it holds.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MONTPENSIER are now at the castle of Cornigliano, where the Countess de Neully, the widow of Louis Philippe, and the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, are staying.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE FRANCIS SEYMOUR, K.C.B., G.C.H., will succeed Sir Thomas Cochrane, K.C.B., as Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, on the expiration of the latter officer's term, next year.

M. ADOLPHE FRANCONI, the well-known director of the Equestrian Circus in Paris (now called the Cirque de l'Impératrice), has just died, at the age of 53, from "decomposition of the blood."

A GENTLEMAN at Melrose, noted for angling, caught in the Tweed, with rod, in little more than six hours, 139 trout, weighing in all between 50 and 60 lbs.

A LEGITIMIST CONSPIRACY is said to have been discovered in Paris, and a duke bearing one of the oldest names in France is stated to have been arrested in connection with it.

MR. J. MANNING, a farmer at Barton, near Bury, and his nephew, having been aroused from their beds, a few nights ago, by the noise of four persons plundering their fowl-house, were so murderously assaulted by the thieves, that the farmer was left in a most precarious state, and his nephew much injured.

THE "ST. ABBS," of London, a fine East Indian, of 500 tons burden, has been wrecked on her voyage to Bombay, and twenty-two persons on board have been drowned.

MADemoiselle RACHEL had, by the latest accounts, closed her performances in New York; pecuniarily, it is represented as very successful to all concerned.

THE 23RD FUSILIERS have lost, since their arrival in the Crimea, 20 officers killed in action and died of disease, and 18 wounded.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MAULVERER, C.B., of the 30th Regiment, has been granted a pension of £100 a year, for distinguished services at the siege of Sebastopol.

LORD RAGLAN had an audience of the Queen, on Monday, to deliver the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Bath worn by his noble and gallant father.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR JAMES PREVOST, who entered as early as 1784, died on the 28th ult., at Southampton.

A RUMOUR that an attack has been made on Nicolaiëff has been prevalent at Vienna, and Greek mercantile houses profess to have learned from Odessa that the Emperor Alexander left Nicolaiëff just six hours before the bombardment commenced. We put little faith in these reports.

A RAILWAY CLUB has recently been formed at Manchester—having for its object the promotion of more frequent communication between the officials of the various railway companies, for the purpose of interchange of information and friendly offices. It already includes a large proportion of the principal officers of the railways of this country.

A WINTER ASSIZE has been determined on by Government, for gaol delivery, in the more important of the counties generally throughout England.

THE SITTINGBOURNE AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION have offered a premium of £10 for the best essay on the subject of the improvement of the condition of agricultural labourers. Why don't the members commence by doing something—the subject has been by this time well discussed.

THE BUTCHERS of Paris manifest the greatest repugnance to carry out the recent ordinance of the Prefect of Police, which requires them to sell meat at a fixed price, and without unnecessary bone; and the authorities appear determined to enforce the ordinance with the greatest rigour.

THE DEAL BOATMEN have, during the recent gales, in consequence of the number of vessels requiring assistance, earned between £3,000 and £4,000.

ONE OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY at Balacava, died of cholera on the 21st ult., having caught the disease while attending to the patients in the general hospital.

MISS NIGHTINGALE is still in Balacava, where the Sisters of Mercy are now fully officiating as nurses.

THE AUTHORITIES have notified that the postage on letters addressed to Victoria, Australia, whether by packet or private ship, will again be reduced to 6d. when not exceeding half an ounce.

THE GOVERNOR OF HOGLAND has been imprisoned for stealing the glass out of Somar Island lighthouse, and saying the English had done it.

THE QUEEN has commanded that theatrical performances shall be resumed at Windsor Castle this season, on the 22nd inst., and that St. George's Hall is now being fitted up for the purpose.

GENERAL M'MAHON, on the 20th ult., reviewed the whole division of the French Imperial Guard on the plains outside Balacava, in presence of Lord Rokeby and a large number of English officers.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT continues to dedicate the whole of its attention to keeping open the roads which supply Prince Gortschakoff's army in the Crimea.

LADY MOLESWORTH, widow of the late Secretary of State for the Colonies, has taken a house for the winter season on the West Cliff, Folkestone.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

PAYING police-rates, and being of a peaceable disposition, I look for protection to those gentlemen in blue uniform, who receive a weekly stipend for taking care of me and the rest of her Majesty's lieges; but by recent events, it would appear that on the Sunday, if I choose to take my walks abroad in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park, I shall be left to devise my own means of defence, while the legitimate guardians of my safety look calmly on. These Hyde Park riots are getting beyond bearing, and it is high time that Government should interfere in a marked and stringent manner. A mob of vagabonds and scoundrels of the lowest description takes possession of a public park, which is wholly surrendered to their mercy, and no person of respectable appearance, however inoffensive in behaviour, can approach without being grossly insulted and maltreated. Thus, in last Monday's "Times," we read of two ladies being knocked down, a person (in the delicious phraseology of the reporter), "in the garb of a groom" being hunted and stoned, gold watches snatched at, and riotous blackguardism rampant and unchecked. For my own part, I believe the police are playing a game, and paying us out for the abuse they received for their conduct in the former Hyde Park rows, by standing quietly by, and looking on while our heads are being broken. Be this as it may, these meetings are assuming so threatening a shape, that they should be at once effectually suppressed and order restored. But out of evil may perhaps come good,—these rioters have excluded from the Park its regular Sunday frequenters; let us hope they will never return, and that for the future a gentleman may be enabled to walk by the side of the Serpentine with his wife, sister, or daughter, which, for the last few years, has on a Sunday been almost impossible.

The general expression of astonishment elicited by the "Times" article on the American question, and the annoyance exhibited by their master, the British public, at the tone of the article, seem to have had some effect on the magnates of Printing House Square, and they have thought proper to modify their opinion. At such a period as this, hampered as we are, and taxed almost beyond bearing, a fratricidal war of the nature hinted at would be perfect madness.

Affairs of state remain in *status quo*. The Secretaryship of the Colonies is not filled up, though Sir William Molesworth has been dead for nearly a fortnight, nor is it decided who is to be the new Postmaster General, though Lord Canning takes his departure for India at the end of this month. Meanwhile, Mr. Scovell has retired from the Southwark contest, leaving the field to Sir Charles Napier. At this his opponent is of course sufficiently elated—for the public meetings have, in consequence, come to an end, and no more awkward electioneering questions require to be answered. At the outset of the contest the old Admiral declared he would be put to no expense beyond the usual charge for the hustings, but his friends think he will want a little ready cash, and dribble in small sums, money-orders, and postage-stamps, to be placed to his credit by the Editor of the "Morning Advertiser."

On Thursday, last week, the "Times" published two curious letters, one from Mr. Landor, representing the indignant position of a descendant of the great Daniel Defoe; the other, a manifesto signed by nineteen celebrated litterateurs, artists, and scientific men, stating, that a Miss Lowe, a god-child of Dr. Samuel Johnson, was still living, at an advanced age, and also in poverty, and appealing to the benevolence of the British nation, to purchase for her and her sister an annuity of thirty pounds a year. Among the signatures to this memorial, were the names of Dickens, Carlyle, Hallam, Tennyson, Macaulay, Dean Milman, Thackeray, Professor Owen, Sir C. Eastlake, Disraeli, &c. I have heard the letter and its subject very much discussed, and the general impression seems to be unfavourable. To extend one's charity to this lady because she is Doctor Johnson's god-child is absurd; you might as well pay your cook higher wages because she was in Scott's service (Sir Walter, I mean, not John, the trainer), and if it is simply set forward as a case of age, respectability, and poverty, there are, doubtless, hundreds of other claims as urgent. Moreover a correspondent of the "Times" has set the matter in a right light, calling attention to the fact, that if the nineteen signers of the memorial, all men in easy circumstances, had each subscribed one shilling a week the object would have been at once accomplished. Mr. Landor's suggestion, that all who have been delighted by the perusal of "Robinson Crusoe," should subscribe a penny towards the relief of the author's descendant, is more facile and practicable.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES—SOME LITERARY Gossip.

THIS is a Magazine week. Here before us lies "Blackwood," in its unattractive brown cover, with the portrait of the solemn old gentleman in the skull cap, large beard, and turned-down collar; and so into his contents (the Magazine's, not the old gentleman's,) I plunge. A capital number! The first article, upon the "Eastern Shores of the Black Sea," is most interesting, giving us vivid photographic pictures of Kertch, Anapa, Souchum Kalei, and Trebizond, *locales* which have hitherto received but scanty description at the hands of newspaper correspondents. After this article comes the continuation of "Zaidee," which story of the day is near conclusion, and is advertised for separate publication in December. I have a notion that when read in a consecutive form, it will prove a hit. I hope so, for Blackwood's sake. He has had no good story since "Lady Lee's Widowhood." Then comes a notice of the late Professor Johnston's work, "The Chemistry of Common Life," written in the warmest spirit of laudation, and the only fault in which is that it is too thoroughly *Blackwoodian*. They are wonderful people, these Scotch contributors! To write in the same Magazine with a man is (with them) to be bound to him through life, to crack him up in every conceivable way, and to rush at once into the lists to chastise any adventurer who may dare to question his claims. It is not so with us. In one Magazine, or periodical, I may be a *collaborateur* of men whom I soundly abuse in another, and so on through the whole set! Thus, in this article, the writer talks of Professor Johnston enjoying a "reputation which is more than European," and it mentions his death as "a national loss." This is the language of hyperbole. Professor Johnston was, I believe, a man sound in his scientific learning, to be relied on in his doctrine, and useful in his generation. Beyond this, though he did contribute to the pages of "Maga," Aytoun himself shall not persuade me.

Proceeding through the pages, I am brought to a temporary halt by that dreadful thing, Scotch fun. Those broad-talking Northerners, who turn out such essays, reviews, ballads, and political diatribes, all excellent of their kind, have not the slightest conception of the comic, and the consequence is, that "An Old Contributor at the Seaside" treats us to as much rapid nonsense and tentative jocosity as can well be imagined. Understand me in this. I do not mean to say that an excellent appreciation of the ludicrous is not generally to be found in "Blackwood;" the satire of the essays is sometimes splendid; and in no periodical are fledgling authors more humorously flayed alive. It is only when the essayist goes in to be funny, originally funny himself, that he so lamentably fails.

The essay on Modern Light Literature this month takes "Travellers' Tales" as its theme, and discourses impartially and sensibly on some of the recent books of travel. A "chading" review of Lieut. Hurton's "Pilgrimage to Mecca," a highly laudatory ditto of Wilkie Collins' "Rambles beyond Railways," a sneering ditto of Mr. Beste's "Waboshi," and an abusive ditto of Mr. Bayle St. John's "Purple Tints of Paris," make up the article. Blackwood's remaining papers are an account of the Paris Exhibition, contained in one of those wonderful letters which Heppelsum writes to Neneus; a splendid account of the fall of Sebastopol, in Major Hamley's "Story of the Campaign;" and a political article, "What are we fighting for?"

The "Dublin University Magazine" is, as is well known in the literary world, in a fix. The property is "in the market," its late proprietor is in bad health and worse circumstances, and its leading story, commenced a few months ago, and called "The Fortunes of Glencore," summarily suspended. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the number for the present November is very readable and pleasant. The opening article is on "The Progress of Russia," and may very likely be very good, but—I have not read it! In my capacity of critic I have read so much, during the last two years, about Russia, that my brain is slightly queer upon the sub-

I leave the pages uncut and pass on to the papers on "The Dramatic Writers of Ireland," three of whom, Richard Lalor Shiel, John Banim, and Gerald Griffin, are capably treated this month. They are all known to the modern reader, and many are the curious anecdotes related of them. The stories of Shiel are not to be found in biography, and few would imagine that Griffin, the talented author of "The Old House of Darkbrothers," had been a playwright. The author of these sketches has laboured been anonymous, but from his familiarity with theatrical and the case with which the topics are handled, I fancy that they were written by Mr. Cole, who, under the pseudonym of Calcraft, for many years managed the Dublin Theatre, and who is now Mr. Charles Keen's catchword and treasurer. The "Dublin" also contains the commencement of a new tale, "The Old House of Darkbrothers," a story of no great length, the first chapter of which is generally and pleasantly written. "Fraser" also provides a good number, commencing this month a new story by a very rising man, Mr. Wilkie Collins. "The Monktons of Win-Away" is the name of this new story, and in it the supernatural is brought to work. I should like to draw Mr. Wilkie Collins' attention to one point—his tendency to imitate Edgar Poe. In the "Law-Word Story," which he contributed to the last Christmas number of "Household Words," the "Seven Poor Travellers," he directly plagiarised a series of analytical experiments shown in one of Poe's tales. He should beware of this—he has plenty of original power, and no occasion to imitate anybody. The second article in "Fraser" is very opportune at the present moment, touching on "American Parties" in general, and more especially on "The New Opposition as now Constituted." There is also a pleasant gossip about "Devonshire Worthies" connected with "Claverham St. Mary," "Pendennis," and the "Brawl," and an "Imaginary Conversation" by Savage Landor.

"The New Monthly" is not good. There are some very vulgar, flashy, fast chapters called "Ensign Pepper's Letters from Sebastopol," then some pretty rhymes by Mr. Thornbury, called, "Riding to the Tournament," nice, but too long; and there is a ridiculous paper, entitled, "A Gossip about Modern Song Writers," the author of which is mildly polite to Lady Dufferin, Samuel Lover, Haynes Bayley, &c., but pins his faith on whom? Mr. J. E. Carpenter, forsooth!—without exception the most miserably Catnachian rhymester that ever was allowed to desecrate the pages of a half-crown periodical. This is strong language, you will say, Sir! So it is; but it is time that truth should be spoken about literary productions, and that a different style of criticism to that of the "Morning Herald" or the "Britannia" should be adopted. The writer of the article in question talks of Mr. Carpenter's "exquisite lyrics"—calls him "the most tuneful of his brethren," and speaks of his "muse" as being "as vigorous as ever." Now immediately succeeding this fulsome piece of bombast, is one of Mr. Carpenter's "exquisite lyrics," which I have transcribed for the benefit of your readers:

THE STORY OF THE HEART.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

"Oh! ask it not, it is a theme
Too sacred to impart,
The memory of the fift dream,
The story of the heart:
For who has never loved in vain,
Seen no fond hope decay,
Or breathed no sigh, or felt no pain
In some far distant day?
"Oh! ask it not, we dare not tell
The unbidden thought that flows,
As streams returning serve to swell
The tide from which they rose!
We could not find we would be free
From secret hopes and fears,
Nor be what we must seem to be
Thro' life's declining years!"

Now every line of this is, I submit, arrant nonsense; as bad as, and more offensive than, Bunn's lullabies, except the line, "I could not if I would be free"—which is a direct "prig" from Byron.

There is but little literary gossip. A rumour states that Mr. Dickens had originally christened his new book, "Nobody's Fault," but the title being learned by those wonderful people, the London correspondents of provincial papers, and duly declared in their respective publications, was changed to "Little Dorrit," whereby the worthy news-hunters were sold. "Little Dorrit," is a stupid title enough. "Nobody's Fault" sounds unpleasantly suggestive of Administrative Reform. Why don't he write without a "purpose"? If he only knew how much better he is liked when he is simply natural, unpolitical, and not reformative, I'm sure he would.

Oh, one more scrap. Everybody is talking of "Tolla," that is, everybody in Paris. "Tolla" is a new novel by M. Edmond About, and the Parisian literary world has been loud in its praise. M. About has been the lion of a season, and our contemporary, the "Leader," which gives a weekly summary of English literature, consisting of translations from the "Revue des deux Mondes," let off many laudatory fire-works about it. Lo and behold, the bubble has burst! "Tolla" turns out to be a translation from an Italian novel, published 12 or 14 years ago, and all the fuss has been made for nothing! Moreover, English booksellers have been fighting for the right of publishing it. Competition ran high, but eventually it was carried off by Constable of Edinburgh, who soon discovered that the tale was already in full swing of translation in Rome. Something rotten—companion, or circle, or foolstock—I forget which.

Next week you shall hear of Thackeray's Miscellanies.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THERE is nothing new in the theatrical world beyond the opening of Julien's Concerts, held this year at Covent Garden, with the usual amount of musical talent, good decoration, and genteel noise. In default, therefore, of news, I send you some further observations of my friend, "Trois-Etoiles," which merit insertion from their sense and good nature.

"A word about the lever du rideau system at the playhouses. What is it but a tacit acknowledgment that business begins too soon for the convenience of the only portion of the audience for whom the managers have much care? And as to the curtain-raiser, why, you and I and everybody know, from sad experience, what that usually is—some feeble, little farce, acted in a corresponding manner by the 'useful' members of the company, ill-dressed and careless, from a sense of their being only stop-gaps, and angry at having to speak against a running staccato of slamming box-doors and the rustle consequent upon half the occupants unshowering and arranging their dresses. It must be very exasperating to the poor actors, this trying to be gay to an audience, one part of which is not present except by instalments, and the other portion of it calling out 'Sh! Sh!' or 'à la porte!' as each noisy straggler saunters in. I saw Bouffé the other night play in a perversion of 'Eugénie Grandet,' and I can assure you that the lever du rideau took place mainly in dumb-show on this account.

"I could give you a few practical hints on the lighting of the audience part of a theatre (they are now all over-lit), but as you are not a manager, and wouldn't listen to me if you were, and as I am not a gas-fitter to gain anything by my advice, I will spare you the infliction."

ONE HONEST CABMAN.—One of Messrs. Twinings' clerks hailed a Hansom cab, a few days ago, near the Bank of England, and having placed within the vehicle a large quantity of coin, drove directly to the Strand, where he himself superintended its removal into the banking-house. The cabman drew off and went on to the stand in St. Clement's Churchyard, whence he was shortly hailed to take up in Norfolk Street. A shower coming on, the driver took his macintosh out of the cab, and in doing so found a heavy bag of coin, which it instantly occurred to him must belong to Messrs. Twinings. After depositing his Norfolk Street fare at a railway station, the honest fellow drove back to the Strand, and handed his "treasure trove" over Messrs. Twinings' counter. The bag, which contained 300 half sovereigns, had been given up for lost, and the driver was promptly rewarded with a £10 note—afterwards increased to £20, for his honesty.

MURDER AT MATPEN IN NORTHUMBERLAND.—On Monday, the inquest on the body of Dorothy Bewicke, the old woman recently murdered, was resumed at the village inn. Previously, a "mugger," named James Conroy, and two of his hangers, were apprehended on suspicion, and they are still in custody, the evidence appearing to implicate them in the barbarous deed. The inquest was adjourned.

PROPOSED FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

On Monday last a public meeting was held in the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion House, for the purpose of considering and determining whether the project of last session, for the establishment of a public free library, should be adopted in the City of London. The Lord Mayor presided; and amongst the gentlemen present were Lieutenant Colonel Sykes, Mr. Ewart, M.P., Mr. Tate, M.P., and several other Aldermen and numerous members of the Common Council.

The Lord Mayor opened the proceedings, and in the course of his speech addressed the meeting as follows:—"In taking upon you to give to the City of London the vast benefit of a public library, I am not asking you to try a vain experiment, in which many be even hazardous and doubtful. It has already been tried in several of the great towns and cities of England, with a success which removes all apprehension of failure. In Manchester, during the year ending September, 1853, no fewer than 117,582 persons availed themselves of the facilities afforded by the free libraries there; and I have reason to believe that results in proportion have rewarded the ratepayers in the other twelve or thirteen corporate towns, in which this small, but immensely beneficial tax, was levied. This tax is entirely voluntary, and in no case can it be a rate exceeding one penny in the pound. If we vote it, we do so entirely of free will, and our levy may be so small as to be little more than a nominal tax upon any party.

Mr. Ewart, M.P., then came forward and repeated that the act had already been carried into effect at Manchester with admirable results. At Liverpool, a public library had been established for several years, and a new one was about to be erected, towards which the Corporation had undertaken to contribute £12,000, and Mr. Brown, one of the Members for South Lancashire, had promised the sum of £4,000. The building now used as a library at Manchester had been purchased by the contributions of the inhabitants, and of the £12,000 raised for the purpose, the working men themselves contributed not less than £500. He trusted that London would not be behind other Liverpool or Manchester, but that the great improvement of commerce would act an example to the whole world. Mr. Ewart then went on to say that there was scarcely a town on the Continent containing 3,000 or 4,000 inhabitants in which a public free library was not to be found. If an Englishman went over to Boulogne, he obtained access to a free library by merely writing down his name. If he wore a fustian jacket, or almost no jacket at all, he could obtain all the advantages of access to a free library. In Italy, there was scarcely a town containing 3,000 inhabitants which did not possess a free library; and equal facilities were afforded to the people in Germany. In Liverpool and Manchester, each of the inhabitants could obtain a book from the library; and, so far from the books being injured or lost, it was a remarkable fact, that out of 110,000 volumes lent during the past year by the Liverpool library, only one had been lost. This fact showed that the people had a reverence for literature; but one of the strongest arguments in favour of such institutions, was, that they had a beneficial effect on the habits of the people by the fusion of all classes of the community. Mr. Ewart concluded by moving a resolution agreeing that the Public Library Act of 1853 be forthwith established.

Lieut. Colonel Sykes seconded this resolution, quoting a few interesting facts in favour of the project. It was now the turn of the orators in the Corporation, and they availed themselves of it after the following fashion:—

Mr. Deputy Peacock said that a more injudicious proposition, in his opinion, had never been submitted to the citizens of London. (Cheers.) From what had taken place, any person would be led to suppose that there were no libraries in the City—no library under the roof of Guildhall. But under that roof there was a library of 12,000 volumes. (Cries of "Not free.") And how many people attended to read them? During the month of October, the number of persons so attending was only seven. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) It had been said that the Guildhall library was in an inconvenient and unpopular place. But whose fault was that? It was the fault of the Corporation. Why did they not place the library in a more suitable position, and increase the 12,000 volumes to 100,000? They could do so without touching the pockets of the people. (Hear, and cheers.) Mr. Deputy Peacock then moved the previous question.

Mr. Cox, in seconding this amendment, went straight to the point. He trusted that some resolution would be agreed to, showing that the citizens were of opinion that it was the duty of the Corporation to provide a free library out of the Corporation funds. If such a decision should be come to, they might be able to say that they had done at least one good thing in their generation. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Deputy Bower based his opposition to the project on the grounds that there were 33 libraries and 27 museums open to the public in the metropolis. Every man, he said, who had the will and inclination to acquire knowledge might gain access to nearly the whole of these institutions. It was not fair to institute a comparison between the people of Liverpool or Manchester, and the people of London. The reading portion of the inhabitants of London slept in the suburbs and the country, and in the districts to which they retired, they could obtain books without taxing the ratepayers of the City. He concluded by trusting that no infamy would be cast on the City on account of the rejection of the proposition before the meeting.

Mr. Abraham, sensibly enough, did not discuss the point as to whether or no the Corporation was the proper party to establish the needed library. He knew, no doubt, that it was mere waste of words to advocate such a notion, and contented himself by informing the meeting that a ratepayer of £20 would only have to pay as many pence, for which he would have access to a free library.

By this time the opponents of the proposed library got quite uproarious, and would hardly hear the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, who said that he wished to plead for the honour of the City of London, and for the young men of London. The honour of the City was very much at stake in the decision to which the meeting was about to come. He truly said that the objection with respect to the Guildhall Library was very easily answered. That library consisted of about 12,000 volumes, but they were not books of general utility. It was a library of reference on the antiquities of London and its various officers. For instance, it contained many excellent views of the processions which had taken place on Lord Mayor's Day.

Mr. Tate, M.P., seeing the particular feeling of the meeting, took care to trim his course accordingly. He apprehended, he said, that the answer had already been given—that they would have no taxation for this purpose. (Cheers.) A rate could not be granted without the consent of two-thirds of the meeting, but he apprehended that the two-thirds would vote the other way. He considered the time ill-chosen for such an experiment. To many a £10 ratepayer 10d. was an object at this particular time.

Mr. Mechi tried to call the attention of the meeting to a practical view of the subject. The vote proposed to be voted would amount to about £4,000, and the greater proportion of it would be raised from banks, mercantile establishments, and warehouses. (No, no; and oh, oh.)

Mr. Alderman Sidney, like a true civic councillor, did not think the City was at present ripe for the consideration of this question. He believed that if the meeting should be unwise enough to sanction the proposed proceeding, the result would be the establishment of a large confused newsroom, and that the only reading disseminated amongst the people would be the newspapers and light novels.

The Lord Mayor then put the amendment, which was carried by an overwhelming majority; so that London is to be behind every third-rate provincial town so far as the establishment of a Free Public Library is concerned.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOLS.

(To the Editor of the Illustrated Times.)

SIR.—A "Subscriber and Well-wisher," who withholds his name, has kindly forwarded to the office of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, 250 copies of the "Illustrated Times," containing a very animated and correct representation of the opening of the new building at Pinner by his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

The "Subscriber" requests that a copy may be distributed to each of the children in the Institution, and desires that the receipt of the Papers may be acknowledged in your columns. The papers have been disposed of as suggested, and the "Subscriber and Well-wisher" is requested to accept the thanks of the Board for his interesting present.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A. L. SAUL, Secretary.

81, Cheapside, 6th November, 1855.

THE JERSEY REFUGEES.—Several of these exiles, who had been ordered to quit Jersey by the 2nd of November, as stated in our last number, arrived at Southampton from that island on the 3rd, by the South-Western Company's mail steamship Despatch. The Despatch left Jersey with twenty-nine of the refugees, seventeen of whom were landed at Guernsey. The party left for London during the day by the London and South-Western Railway.

ACCIDENT TO THE KING OF SPAIN.—On the 25th ult., his Majesty, whilst riding near El Posito, was thrown from his horse, and received severe contusions in the head and the shoulder, and cuts on the nose and lip. When he fell, one foot remained fast in the stirrup, and as his horse plunged violently, he was in some danger. His Majesty's aides-de-camp, however, assisted by some passers-by, extricated him. The Queen is said to have manifested much concern on hearing of the accident, and immediately went to see the King in his apartments.

GENERAL CARNOBERT'S MISSION.—General Carnobert embarked on the 1st inst., at Lubeck, on board the steamer Gauthiod, for Stockholm. In every part of Germany through which he has passed, and particularly at Hanau and Hamburg, the populations of the towns gave him a bond fide ovation. At Lubeck the most enthusiastic cheers hailed his arrival and accompanied him to the place of embarkation. General Carnobert, it is said, is to visit Copenhagen on his return from Sweden.

A SPANISH CONSUL'S SHEEP IN DANGER.—The Spanish Consul in Odessa, M. Baquer y Ribas, possesses, near Kertch, an estate on which he has reared numerous flocks of merino sheep. His property has not only become depreciated by the war, but the Allies have helped themselves to a portion of his flocks. His steward complained to Marshal Plissier of the act, and the Marshal assured him that private property was sacred in the eyes of the Allies, and that M. Baquer might remove his sheep to any place he pleased except the interior of Russia.

THE GODDAUGHTER OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The following graphic and interesting letter appeared a few days since in the columns of the "Times."

SIR.—The following document, and the proposal or appeal now grounded on it, require to be made known to the British public, for which object we, as the course is, apply to the Editor of the "Times."

In the month of May last, there was presented to Lord Palmerston, as head of her Majesty's Government, a memorial on behalf of a certain aged Miss Lowe and her sister, which memorial will sufficiently explain itself, and indicate who the Misses Lowe are, to those who read it here:

The undersigned beg respectfully to submit to Lord Palmerston a statement of reasons which appear to them to constitute, on behalf of the two aged surviving daughters of Samuel Johnson, therein described, a claim to such small yearly pension as in his Lordship's judgment may consist with other claims and demands for the ensuing year, upon the fund appropriated to literature.

In Dr. Samuel Johnson's last Will is this passage:—
"I also give and bequeath to my godchildren, the son and daughter of Samuel Lowe, pointer, each of them £100 of my stock in the Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities, to be disposed of by and at the discretion of my executors in the education or settlement in the world of them my said legates."

The Misses Lowe mentioned here, who was once a man of great promise in his art, favourably known in the Royal Academy and in the world as a man of refined manners and real talent and worth (though probably with something of morbid or over-sensitive in his character), died 10 years after Johnson, without fulfilling the high hopes entertained of him. The godson, or younger Lowe, mentioned in the Will, who at one time (1810-13) appears to have held some small appointment in Barbadoes, creditably to himself, but with the loss of health—the crown and consummation of various other losses he had met with—is also long since dead. Of these Lowes and their hopes and struggles there is now nothing to be said. They are sunk under the horizon. Nor can they pretend to have any hold of the world's memory except what is derived from the father's intimacy with Johnson, of which and of Johnson's helpfulness, and real esteem and affection for the man, there are still abundant proofs, printed and not printed, besides this of the Will.

But the goddaughter mentioned in the will has not yet sunk under the horizon. She still survives among us, a highly respectable old person, now in her 78th year, with all her faculties about her, living with her youngest sister, aged 72, the only other remnant of the family, in a house they have long occupied No. 5, Minerva Place, New Cross, Deptford—with numerous memorials of Johnson in their possession, which vividly bring home to us, and present as a still living fact, their connection with that great man. They have lived there for many years in rigorous (though not undignified) poverty, which now, by some unforeseen occurrences, threatens to become absolute indigence in these their final years.

They are gentlewomen in manners; by all evidence, persons of uniformly unexceptionable conduct; veracity, sense, ingenious propriety, noticeable in them both to a superior degree. The elder, especially, must have been a graceful, lively little woman, something of a beauty in her younger days, and by no means wanting for talent. She still recollects in a dim but ineffaceable manner the big, awful figure of Samuel Johnson, to whom she was married shortly before his death, that he might lay his hand on her head and give her his blessing; her awe and terror very great on the occasion. Both sisters are in perfect possession of their faculties—the younger only is slightly hard of hearing; the elder (on whose head lay Johnson's hand) has still a light step, perfectly correct carriage, and vivacious memory and intellect. The younger, who is of very honest and somewhat sterner features, appears to be the practical intellect of the house, and probably the practical hand. They are very poor, but have taken their poverty in a quiet, unaffectedly handsome manner, and have still hope that, in some way or other, intolerable want will not be permitted to overtake them. They have an altogether respectable, or, we might say (bringing the past and the present into contact), a touching and venerable air. There, in their little parlour at Deptford, is the fir desk (capable of being rigorously authenticated as such) upon which Samuel Johnson wrote the "English Dictionary," the best dictionary ever written, say some.

It is in behalf of these two women, of Johnson's goddaughter fallen old and indigent, that we venture to solicit from the Government some small public subvention to screen their last years from the worst misery. It may be urged that there is no public fund appropriated for such precise objects, and that their case cannot, except in a relief way, be brought under the head of "literary pensions," but, in a reflex way, it surely can; and we humbly submit withal, that this case of theirs is, in some measure, a peculiar and unique one.

Samuel Johnson is such a literary man as probably will not appear again in England for a very great length of time. His works and his life, looked at well, have something in them of heroic, which is of value beyond most literature, and much beyond all money and money's worth to the nation which produced him. That name "English Dictionary," written on the poor fir desk above spoken of, under sternly memorable circumstances, is itself a proud possession to the English nation, and not in the philological point of view alone. Such a dictionary has an architectonic quality in it; and for its massive solidity of plan, manifold correctness and fidelity of execution, luminous intelligence, rugged honesty and greatness of mind pervading every part of it, is like no other. This, too, is a Cathedral of St. Paul's, after its sort; and stands there for long periods, silently reminding every English soul of much that is very necessary to remember.

Samuel Johnson himself is far beyond the reach of our gratitude. He left no child or representative of any kind to claim pensions or distinctions from us; and here, by accident, thrown upon the waste seaboard, is something venerably human with Johnson's mark still legible upon it; Johnson, as it were, mutely bequeathing it to us, and to what humanity and loyalty we have, for the few years that may still be left. Our humble request, in the name of literature withal, is, that the English nation will, in some small adequate way, respond to this demand of Johnson's.

"HENRY HALLAM, Wilton Crescent.
"JAMES STEPHEN, Trinity Hall, Cambridge.
"S. OXON, Cuddesdon Palace.
"THOMAS CARLYLE, 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.
"ALEXANDER DYCE, 9, Gray's Inn Square.
"B. W. PROCTER, 32, Weymouth Street, Portland Place.
"C. L. EASTLAKE, 7, Fitzroy Square.
"JOHN FORSTER, 54, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
"T. B. MACAULAY, Albany.
"W. M. THACKERAY, 36, Onslow Square.
"ALFRED TENNYSON, Freshwater, Isle of Wight.
"A. W. FONBLANQUE, Board of Trade.
"CHARLES DICKENS, Tavistock House.
"E. BULWER LITTON, 1, Park Lane.
"G. R. GLEIG, Warwick Square.
"RICHARD OWEN, Royal College of Surgeons.
"ROD. E. MURCHISON, Belgrave Square.
"B. DISRAELI, Grosvenor Gate.
"H. H. MILLMAN, Deanery, St. Paul's."

To this memorial his Lordship made answer, with great courtesy and without undue delay, that the fund set apart for encouragement of literature could not be meddled with for a pension to the goddaughter of Johnson; but that, in consideration of the circumstances, his Lordship, from some other fund, had made her a donation of £100. Which sum of £100 was accordingly paid to Miss Lowe in June last—a very welcome gift and help—all that the Prime Minister could do in this matter, and, unfortunately, only about the fifth part of what it was, and is, indispensable to get done.

It was still hoped that the last resource of an appeal to the public might be avoided; that there might be other Government helps, minute, charitable funds, adequate to this small emergency. And new endeavours were accordingly made in that direction, and new expectations entertained; but these likewise have all proved ineffectual: and the resulting fact now is, that there is still needed something like an annuity of £30 for the joint lives of these two aged persons; that, strictly computing what pittance certain and precarious they already have, and what they still want, their case cannot be satisfactorily left on lower terms—that is to say, about £400 to purchase such an annuity, is still needed for them.

If the thing is half as English as we suppose it to be, a small pecuniary result of that kind is not doubtful, now when the application is once made. At all events, as the English Government is not able to do this thing, we are now bound to appraise the English nation of it, and to ask the English nation in its miscellaneous capacity—Are you willing to do it?

Messrs. Coutts, bankers, will receive subscriptions from such as feel that this is a valid call upon English beneficence; and we have too much reverence for Samuel Johnson, and for the present generation of his countrymen, to use any soliciting or ignoble pressure on the occasion. So soon as the requisite amount has come in, the subscriptions will cease; of which due notice will be given. We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

THOMAS CARLYLE, CHARLES DICKENS, JOHN FORSTER.

Athenaeum Club, Oct. 31.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

THE municipal personage who has now the fortune to occupy "the civic chair," and exercise those functions which have so long been associated with the office of Lord Mayor, has for many years been known to the public as one of the most eminent among the commercial magnates of the City of London. Mr. David Salomons has figured with

distinction as an Alderman of the City; he has discharged, with scrupulous fidelity, the duties of Sheriff; and he has been conspicuous among those modern "merchant princes," who emulate the House of Medici, in their patronage of art and its votaries.

It would indeed have been a matter of regret if any of those prejudices of the age of chivalry and feudalism, which still linger among us, had prevented so distinguished a citizen from rising to the highest municipal dignity. That regret we are spared. David Salomons, Esquire, Alderman and Cooper, stood next in rotation to Sir F. G. Moon; the citizens, in Common Council assembled, on the 20th September—St. Michael's day—elected him to the vacant office, the Court of Aldermen concurring in the choice; and a gentleman of Hebrew race, for the first time in the annals of the City, was formally installed as her chief magistrate elect.

This event is regarded by those of the Hebrew race and religion as one of great significance, and it is, undoubtedly, calculated to inspire them with more favourable views of the institutions of Christendom. "The election of the first Jewish Lord Mayor," says the "Jewish Chronicle," "designates a new epoch in the history of Judaism, both in England and abroad. It marks our separation from the days when the followers of Christ were the persecutors of His countrymen, by a wider gulf than that of centuries. It is the memorial of a series of political struggles against intolerant laws, and the evidence of a growth of opinion and feeling, which ensures the final success of these struggles. Gratifying is the light it casts on the complexion of our statute-book—still more gratifying its testimony to the state of society. The new occupant of the civic throne would, through long periods of our history, have been compelled to inhabit an obscure quarter of the City—to have crouched beneath its walls and hidden his goods in cellars. It seems but yesterday he would have been pelted from the hustings."

The new Lord Mayor was originally engaged in business as a stockbroker. In 1835 he became Sheriff of London; in 1847 he was elected an Alderman, and our readers will remember that, in 1851, he came prominently before the public in a political capacity. Having been a candidate for the representation of Greenwich, he was successful in his electioneering efforts, and on Friday, the 18th July, appeared at the table of the House of Commons to take the oath and his seat. Being offered the New Testament, that he might take the customary oath, Alderman Salomons stated that he desired to be sworn on the Old. The Clerk of the House then handed him the Old Testament, and he proceeded to repeat the oath of abjuration, till he came to the words "On the true faith of a Christian." Instead of repeating them, he concluded with, "So help me, God," and then seated himself on one of the lower benches. Upon this the Speaker, with characteristic dignity, informed Alderman Salomons that, not having taken the oath of abjuration in the prescribed form, he could not be permitted to remain in the House. Alderman Salomons then withdrew; but, three days later, he re-appeared in the House, and took his place on the Ministerial benches. A scene of excitement and confusion ensued; and after he had actually addressed a speech to the assembled Commons, Alderman Salomons was removed by the Serjeant-at-arms, and conducted below the bar. When the general election occurred in 1852, Alderman Salomons was not re-elected.

Though thus debarred from the House of Commons, Mr. Salomons has now a fair field for the exercise of his talents; and there is every reason to believe that he will discharge the duties of his new office with honour to himself and advantage to the public. His ample fortune will enable him to fill the "civic chair" with becoming splendour; and his friends entertain no doubt as to his dignifying the ancient office to which he has been elevated by the unanimous voice of his fellow-citizens.

THE FLOODING OF GRANTON QUARRY FROM THE SEA.

DURING the severe gale of Friday, Oct. 26, when the flood tide in the Frith of Forth was at its height, the heavy sea effected a large chasm in the rocky embankment protecting Granton Quarry, and in the course of a few minutes filled up its vast basin. This quarry, out of which Granton Pier was built by the Duke of Buccleuch, and from which a massive break-water is in course of construction, enclosing the pier in a capacious harbour, is situated a mile west of the pier, in an angle of the coast, two sides of its embankment being exposed to the action of the waves. There being, however, nearly 100 feet of rock protecting it from tidal inroads, no apprehension was ever entertained from its proximity to the sea. The



DAVID SALOMONS, THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

tide of Friday morning was the height of the stream, and a heavy gale was blowing from the west, when, between 3 and 4 o'clock, about 60 yards of the embankment on the west side was bodily carried into the quarry, and the waves, rushing through the gap, filled it in five or ten minutes. Had the occurrence taken place from an afternoon tide, the results might have been most dreadful, for the 50 or 60 men daily employed in it would at once have been overwhelmed. As it was, the household of the foreman of the quarry had a most providential escape. They resided in a house on the brink of the precipice, and so close to the portion of the bank which gave way, that the gable and doorway, and part of the roof and flooring, were washed away, and the inmates had barely sufficient warning to escape by a window. The quarry, having been nearly exhausted, is not likely to be again used, as other seams of rock are understood to exist in the immediate neighbourhood. The gale, fortunately, was not attended with any serious consequences to the shipping in the Forth.

A DESCENDANT OF DEFOE.

[The following admirable letter appeared in the "Times" at the close of last week. It called forth numerous responses in hearty approbation of its object. One writer, Mr. Charles Knight—the pioneer of cheap literature, the genial Shakespearian editor, and the pleasant writer of many pleasant literary fragments—intimated that, for two years past, he had been the recipient

of some slight contributions on Mr. James Defoe's behalf, proving that while others were dreaming, he was working. He announced, moreover, his readiness to continue his stewardship until a committee and treasurer were appointed. We earnestly exhort our many thousand readers, of all ages and conditions, to contribute, not merely pence, but according to their ability, towards an object at once so desirable and so honourable. Subscriptions can be sent to Mr. Knight, at No. 90, Fleet Street. Any transmitted to our care, addressed to 148, Fleet Street, will be duly handed over to Mr. Knight's charge.—Editor *Illustrated Times*.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

Sir,—No writer has done so much good for the public as you have, or so little as I. Yet I shall claim an infinitesimal part of your merits, if, following Serjeant Talfourd, I can induce you, the conductor of charity, to become the advocate of Defoe.

Daniel has left one descendant—a Crusoe without a Friday, in an island to him a desert.

Mr. Forster, in his "Life of Defoe," after quoting the words of the intelligent and humane judge, tells us, "There is now living at Kennington, in deep, though uncomplaining, poverty, James Defoe, the great-grandson," &c.

Sir, let the hand which rescued the remnant of a brave army from annihilation be now again stretched forth. The descendant of as brave a man as any in that army, if not exposed to nakedness, and pestilence, and famine; if not writhing with unslaked wounds under corroding frost, is exposed at least to penury in his extreme old age. There are men who may be warmed by the reflected glory of their ancestors, but, however elevated and unclouded, it falls feebly on the death-bed of the forsaken.

And now, let thought make way for action. "If every schoolboy," says Talfourd, "had given his penny, there would have been no need of a subscription for a statue to his memory." True, nor is there now. Little men have them, great men want them not. We are jostled by demagogues and adventurers in brass tunics at every street corner; the whole metropolis is become one vast Cheapside of them. Lords and gentlemen, the gartered and ungartered, are running out of breath to inscribe their names, with fives, and tens, and twenties of pounds sterling at the right-hand side of them, in the columns of the "Times." Defoe wants none of them. Let every schoolboy, and every man in England who has been one, give his penny—give it now; time presses on; the hand may soon be palsied that might at this hour receive it. Wicked is it to omit or to defer the performance of what is so easy, and may, collectively, be so important.

Let our novelists, now the glory of our literature, remember their elder brother Daniel, and calculate (if, indeed, the debt is calculable) what they owe to him.

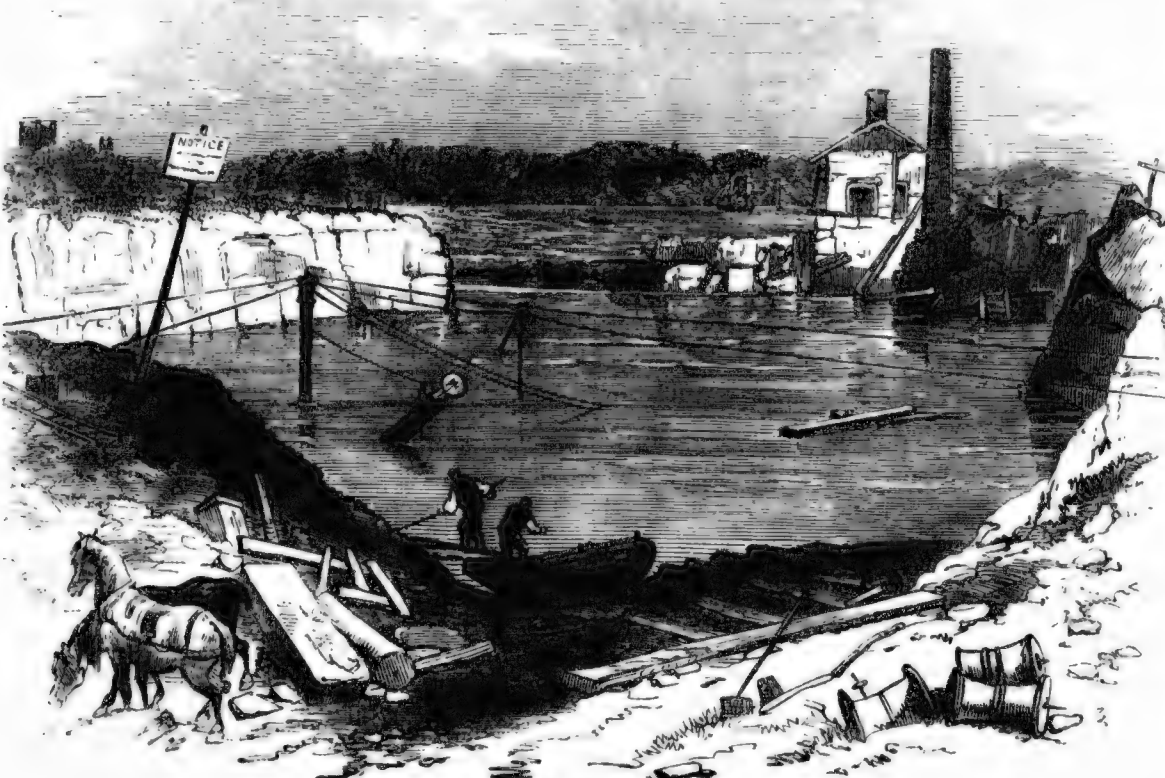
Let our historians ask themselves if no tribute is due, in long arrears, to the representative of him who wrote the "History of the Plague in London." What ought to live will live, what ought to perish will perish. Marble is but a wretched prop at best. Defoe wants no statue, and is far beyond all other want. Alas! there is one behind who is not so. Let all contribute one penny for one year; poor James has lived 77, and his dim eyes cannot look far into another.

Persuade, Sir, for you can more powerfully than any, the rich, the industrious, the studious, to purchase a large store of perdurable happiness for themselves by the smallest sum of a day's expenditure. The author of that book which has imparted to most of them the greatest delight of any, was also the earliest teacher of political economy, the first propounder of free trade. He planted that tree which, stationary and stunted for nearly two centuries, is now spreading its shadow by degrees over all the earth. He was the most far-sighted of our statesmen, and the most worthily trusted by the wisest of our kings. He stood up for the liberty of the press; let the press be grateful.

"It was in the power of Johnson to relieve the grand-daughter of Milton; Sir, it is in yours to prop up the last scion of Defoe. If Milton wrote the grandest poem and the most energetic and eloquent prose of any writer in any country; if he stood erect before Tyranny, and covered with his buckler, not England only, but nascent nations; if our great prophet raised in vision the ladder that rose from earth to heaven, with angels upon every step of it, lower, indeed, but not less useful, were the energies of Defoe. He stimulated to enterprise those colonies of England which extend over every sea, and which carry with them, from him, the spirit and the language that will predominate throughout the world. Achilles and Homer will be forgotten before Crusoe and Defoe.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, &c.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.



ACCIDENT AT THE GRANTON QUARRY, NEAR EDINBURGH.



THE GREAT GRANDSON OF DEFOE.

SAILORS' INSTITUTE.

On the afternoon of Thursday, the 1st inst., the foundation stone of the new Sailors' Institute, Mercer's Street Shadwell, in connection with the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, was laid with befitting ceremonies. The Lord Mayor, Sir F. G. Moon Bart., officiated on the auspicious occasion; many other gentlemen of influence took part in the ceremony; and the presence of a number of ladies lent interest and variety to the scene. An appropriate prayer having been offered up, the Secretary of the Society read a memorial setting forth the claims of seafaring men on the public, and the progress made by the Society in devising and carrying out measures for their benefit.

By this document, it appeared, that after the close of the war with France, the long-continued national neglect of the sailors of England being strongly felt by several philanthropic individuals, the "Port of London Society for the Religious Instruction of Seamen," was forthwith founded. To carry out the design of the benevolent institutions, the hull of the *Speedy*, an old sloop of war, was purchased and fitted up as a "floating chapel," moored in the Thames, and known as the "Seaman's Ark."

The example thus set having been speedily followed at the ports of Liverpool, Bristol, and Hull, there was formed, in 1819, the Bethnal Union Society, with the object of promoting a general visitation of the shipping in port, and of holding religious meetings on board ship. The united action of these two Societies having been deemed desirable, they were, in the year 1827, incorporated under the name of the "Port of London and Bethnal Union Society."

The attention of these Societies was at first directed chiefly to the religious welfare of British seamen, but it having been found that there existed a large sphere for usefulness among those of other countries visiting the port of London, it was determined to extend their combined operations, and to assume a designation in accordance with their enlarged field of action.

Accordingly, in the year 1833, the Society was remodelled, and at a meeting, presided over by Sir Peter Laurie, then Lord Mayor, the title "British and Foreign Sailors' Society," was adopted.

The floating chapel being found a hindrance to the navigation of the river, and, moreover, her timbers becoming rotten and unsafe, the hull was broken up in 1834, and the fittings removed to Bell Wharf, in Lower Shadwell, where premises were opened as a sailors' chapel.

In a few years, however, the trustees of the parish church in Wellclose Square, having offered to the Board, at an annual rental, the use of that beautiful building, it was in 1845 accepted, and opened as the Sailors' Church, in connection with the British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

In that church stated services have been held by the Society's chaplain and other ministers, down to the present time. Many thousands of seamen have attended divine worship every year, and abundant proofs of the blessing of God have crowned the labours of the Society within its walls. Nevertheless, the Directors felt that the progress of the age demanded an advance in their measures for the benefit of the sailor, and at length, in the Report presented at their Anniversary, in May, 1854, it was recommended that a building, to be called "The Sailors' Institute," should be erected in this locality, and that it should comprise—

1. A library and reading room, to be supplied with maps, charts, and periodicals, and always open for the free use of seamen, with an adjoining refreshment room.

2. A public hall, for lectures on science, temperance, and topics of general interest, and for divine service on Sundays.

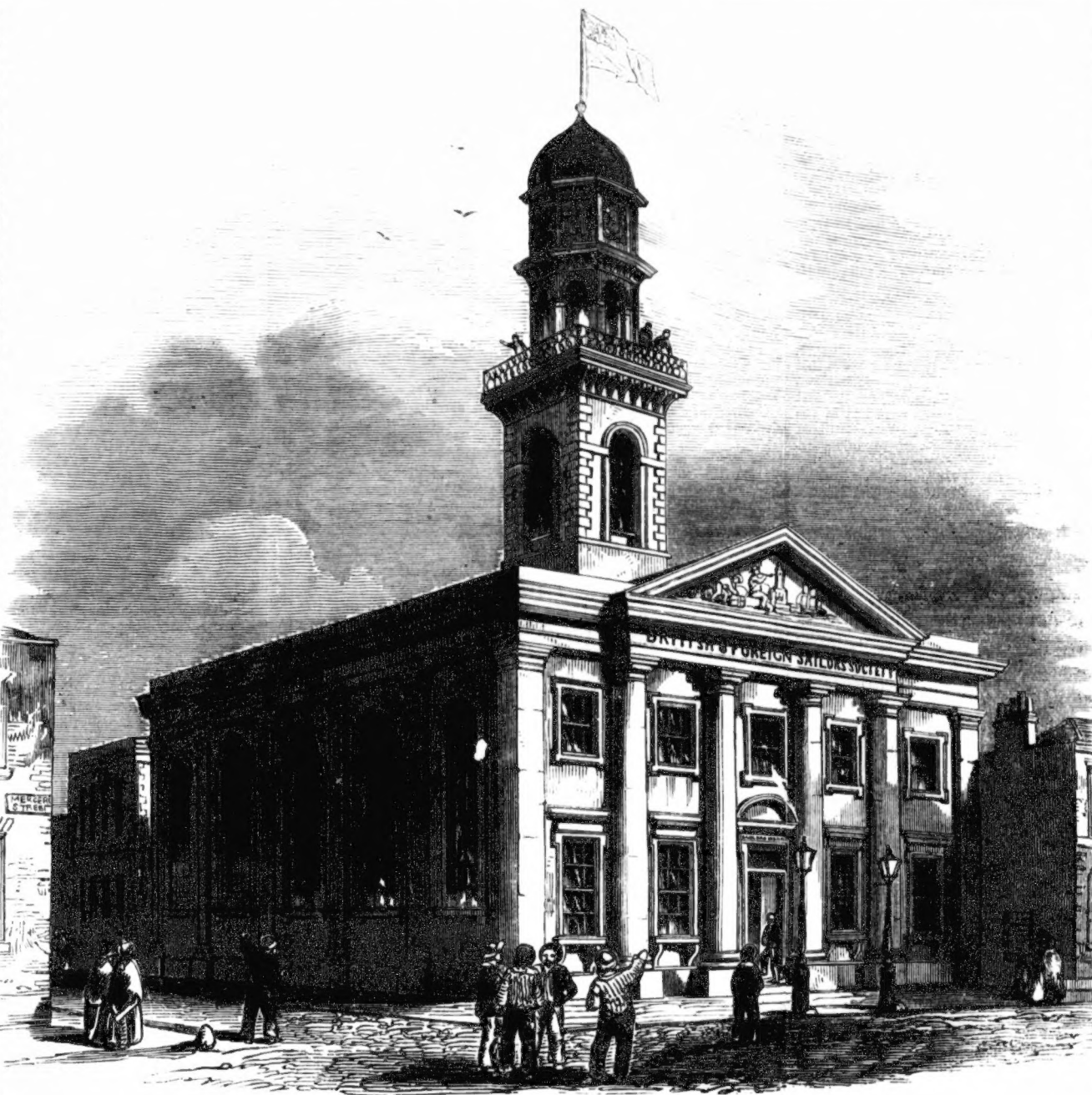
3. Class rooms, for instruction in navigation and the simpler branches of education; and a savings' bank, especially for the use of seamen.

This proposal was cordially received—a subscription was immediately opened—and this most eligible site secured on advantageous terms from the Worshipful Company of Mercers.

His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, in responding to an appeal from Mr. Thomson Hankey, M.P., the treasurer, has since become the patron of the undertaking, and presented a donation of £50 to the Fund.

More recently, we believe, a petition was presented to the Common Council of the City of London, when the sum of £250 was voted by it in furtherance of the object.

Some of the leading commercial firms in London have assisted in the



SAILOR'S INSTITUTE, MERCER'S STREET, SHADWELL.

work; and the sum of £2,000 having been thus subscribed, the Committee resolved to proceed with the erection.

Mr. Searle was appointed the Society's architect; and the tender of Mr. Ennor, in which he undertook to erect the building for £3,370, or, with the observatory tower, for the sum of £3,631 was accepted.

The edifice will be in the Italian style of architecture, of the following dimensions:—Extreme height 90 feet; height to roof 45 feet; depth, 72 feet; breadth, 74 feet.

The Lord Mayor having proceeded to lay the stone—on which was inscribed, "This stone was laid by the Right Hon. Sir F. G. Moon, Bart., Lord Mayor of London, November 1, 1855; Charles G. Searle, Esq., architect; Mr. Thos. Ennor, builder"—a number of ladies handed in purses. His Lordship, after declaring the stone to be duly laid, said, that since he

rich and fanciful design. Furs are already beginning to make their appearance, and muffs are likely to be more fashionable this season than during several past winters. They will be worn of middling size, and sable will be the favourite fur.

FIG. 1.—Paletot cloak of Circassian cloth. The colour is a very dark shade of cinnamon brown. The cloak is entirely covered with rows of braid about half an inch in width, and set on horizontally. The sleeves which are turned up at the ends in broad revers, are trimmed with braid in corresponding style. The cloak is fastened in front with three *brandebourgs* of passementerie, and there is an ornament of the same kind on the revers of each sleeve. The dress is of rich figured silk—the ground being shaded in green and black, and the pattern large flowers in shades of green. The bonnet is of gray straw, trimmed with green velvet and black lace. Undertrimming, bouquets of verbena and white tulle.

FIG. 2.—(Little girl's dress).—Frock of light green poplin; the skirt edged with three rows of green velvet of graduated widths. Jacket of fawn colour zebra plush, trimmed with plush fur. Bonnet of pink therry velvet, trimmed with broad pink sarsnet ribbon; disposed in a bow with very long ends at the back of the bonnet, and a small bow at each side. The brim is edged with two rows of very narrow black lace turned back. Trousers edged with eyelet-hole work. Boots of black cashmere, tipped with glazed leather.

FIG. 3.—Robe of violet coloured silk, with four flounces edged with rows of black velvet woven in with the silk. The same trimming edges the basque and the frills of the sleeves. The collar and under-sleeves are of worked muslin. On one arm a bracelet of amber, and on the other a snake bracelet of hair. The bonnet is of straw colour therry velvet, trimmed with ribbon of the same colour. The under-trimming consists of a very full bouilloné of white tulle, and at each side a small water lily made of red velvet. Gloves of tan-colour kid. Out of doors, a large cashmere shawl is worn over this dress.

FIG. 4.—Robe of brown moire antique. The skirt is without trimming but the corsage (not shown in our engraving) is trimmed with bands of velvet of the same colour as the dress. The cloak is of a new material just introduced. In Paris, where this material is much employed at present for cloaks, it is distinguished by the name of *duret de cygne* (swan's down). It is, in fact, cloth covered with a sort of downy pile. The cloak shown in our illustration is made of this swan's-down cloth. The colour is dark blue and the pile or down is black. The trimming consists of a double row of broad plush braid, having a ground of



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 4.

light gray, figured with blue and black. Bonnet of white corded silk, trimmed on the outside with bouquets of Chinese primroses. Bracelets of gold chain with cameo clasps. Boots of cashmere of the same colour as the dress.

Literature.

LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEM.

The Song of Hiawatha. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. The Same. (Author's Protective Edition.) 1s.

London: D. Bogue.

OUR obligations to a great author are perhaps never so clearly felt as when we first receive the announcement of a new work from his pen. The effect is that of immediate exhilaration. No lover of literature can read the first advertisement of a new serial by Dickens or Thackeray, or a volume of poems by Tennyson, without a sensible elevation of the spirits. There is something to look forward to—the certainty of an addition to our stock of amusement and profit; and we can conceive no more justifiable grounds for pride in an author than this homage of an entire educated community's pleasurable anticipation.

The feeling is doubled when it is understood that the expected book is to be the culmination of the author's study and experience in the field of literature for which he is known to be the most fitted. Who, for instance, can forget the thrill of pleasure with which the news was received that Mr. Macaulay was about to group his masterly studies of the last two centuries into one great historical picture? Who learnt, for the first time, that the adventures of Colonel Henry Esmond were laid in the reign of Queen Anne—the age of Thackeray *par excellence*—without rubbing his hands and feeling as if he were somehow coming into a fortune? Who would not experience the same feeling on learning that Alfred Tennyson was about to give us a poetical version of the "Arabian Nights"—when the laureate might revel in story-telling and picture-painting (his true vocation) to his heart's content and ours?

So, on the day of its becoming known that the American, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the most accomplished poet of the day (and all but the greatest), had been devoting himself to the composition of a poem on the subject of American Indian Mythology—a good many thousand readers, we take it, felt considerably better for the intelligence. The subject was of vast interest, and the workman obviously competent. The early history of a mysterious and heroic people—the original denizens of the continent to which the future of the world belongs—was wanting. The interests of theology, history, and science called for it. The dim traditions by which the history of such a people could only be suggested, were becoming rapidly obliterated. To collect and fix them in a permanent form, the mind of a poet was wanted, and one who should be something besides a poet—a painstaking scholar and antiquarian.

Mr. Longfellow had already proved by the production of two important historical poems—widely differing from each other except in their common excellence—his competency to such a task. He had shown he could bring the most elaborate and discriminating research to bear in exhuming the remains of a buried age, and a very high degree of poetic fire to assist in their revivification. The characteristic emotions of the old French colonists of Acadia are as faithfully portrayed in "Evangeline," as their costumes and furniture are catalogued. In the "Golden Legend," every thought and image, as well as every plume and rivet, is Teutonic and medieval; every figure seems to have stepped from an illuminated missal—every line to have been written in black letter. Decidedly, the "Song of Hiawatha" would be worth listening to.

Expectations have not been deceived. "The Song of Hiawatha" is unquestionably Longfellow's greatest work. It will never command as many readers as "Evangeline," because "Evangeline" is an exceptional case in modern poetry, and from the catholic simplicity of the subject and its treatment, is read by all classes, like Shakespeare or the "Vicar of Wakefield." But the rational admirers of Longfellow, for his many and varied excellences, will find these excellences more concentrated and matured in his present work than in any former one.

Intense appreciation of natural scenery; hopeful faith in human nature; attention to historic detail with almost morbid scrupulousness; and, above all, a despotic power of music, that insists on shining like a sun through the mists of impracticable metre, are manifested in "Hiawatha," in a most remarkable degree.

The groundwork of the poem (an "Indian Edda," as Mr. Longfellow calls it in a note, unnecessarily apologising for what he considers his presumption) is "a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace." Such a demigod, in fact, as is to be found in the traditions of every primitive people—an Indian Hercules, Buddha, Nimrod, King Arthur, or what you will. Into this primitive fable, the poet informs us he has "woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians." Of Mr. Schoolcraft we know little in this country, but have sufficient faith in the discernment and conscientiousness of his grateful eulogist to thank him for the assistance he has rendered towards the composition of what, if not the "Genesis" of the North American Race, is certainly entitled to the rank of its "Metamorphosis."

The Poem—which, by the way, assumes to be an Indian song, and never deviates from an appropriate wild simplicity—commences, after the manner of Ovid, with the first rude principles of the people's mythology. The descent of Gitche Manitou, the Great Spirit, the Master of Life, upon earth, for the establishment of peace among nations; the institution of the peace pipe; the allotment of the four winds to the direction of various supernatural personages; finally, the mystic birth of the demi-god, Hiawatha, form what the French call the *exposition*. The bulk of the work is devoted to the achievements of Hiawatha.

"How he prayed, and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people."

All this may strike the reader for amusement as somewhat over mythical and repellent. But it is by no means so. Mr. Longfellow is too experienced a litterateur to attempt to paint any moral without previously adorning an interesting tale. "Hiawatha," with all the force of a well-sustained allegory, is as amusing as a fairy tale. It is as readable, even to our old friend "the meanest capacity," as Lempriere's "Dictionary," or "Puss in Boots"—a man with Mr. Longfellow's appreciation of the *naïvely* marvelous, will be flattered, not offended, by the comparison. Every scene the Indian hero traverses in his allegorical progress is a breathing landscape; every adventure he meets with a capital story.

And it is as a story, or collection of stories, of the most picturesque description, we recommend the book, leaving its deeper meaning to work its own way by degrees. If ever a poet possessed the faculty to perfection of "babbling o' vast forests,"—we like them better than Tennyson's eternal pre-Raphaelite flower gardens—it is Longfellow; and he never had such a chance as in the present poem—

"With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains!"

All his mystic types are of an interesting character. Take, for instance, the beautiful fable of the origin of the Indian corn, Mondamin. Hiawatha is fasting, and lamenting the dependence of his people for subsistence upon wild game and roots. A youth approaches him—

"Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendour of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden."

This youth informs him that he has been sent by the Master of Life, in obedience to Hiawatha's prayers; and that the latter must wrestle and struggle with him, in the end burying him carefully, and watching for his resurrection. The struggle takes place. Hiawatha, although weakened by fasting and prayer, vanquishes Mondamin, tearfully obeying the directions of the latter—

"Strip these garments, green and yellow.
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me."

In the fulness of the season, Hiawatha's struggles are rewarded. The Indian corn springs up from the grave of Mondamin—

"Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tassels;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, 'It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!'"

Could the myth of labour and fruition be more beautifully rendered? And yet the struggle between Hiawatha and the Heaven-sent Mondamin, viewed as a simple fight, is as interesting as any desperate encounter between Valentine and Orson.

In a subsequent portion of the poem, Mr. Longfellow describes the Blessing of the Corn Fields, after the fashion of the ancient Indian custom, as narrated by Mr. Schoolcraft. The reader will readily call to mind Mr. Tennyson's exquisite phrase—"clothed all in chastity," from the poem of "Godiva," which Longfellow paraphrases, as it were, by his "Robed with darkness as a garment."

"Sing, O Song of Hiawatha,
Of the happy days that followed,
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful!
Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,
Sing the Blessing of the Corn-fields!"

Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war-club,
Buried were all warlike weapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten.
There was peace among the nations
Unmolested roved the hunters,
Built the birch-canoes for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver;
Unmolested worked the women,
Made their sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.
'T was the women who in Spring-time
Planted the broad fields, and fruitful,
Buried in the earth Mondamin;
'T was the women who in Autumn
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin;
Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was planted,
Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
Spoke and said to Minnehaha,
To his wife, the Laughing Water:
'You shall bless to-night the corn-fields,
Draw a magic circle round them,
To protect them from destruction,
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
Wagemon, the thief of corn-fields,
Paimosid, who steals the maize-ear!'

In the night, when all is silence,
In the night, when all is darkness,
When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahmin,
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,
So that not an ear can hear you,
So that not an eye can see you,
Rise up from your bed in silence,
Lay aside your garments wholly,
Walk around the fields you planted,
Round the borders of the corn-fields,
Covered by your tresses only,
Robed with darkness as a garment.

Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,
And the passing of your footsteps
Draw a magic circle round them,
So that neither blight nor mildew,
Neither burrowing worm nor insect,
Shall pass o'er the magic circle."

The episode of "Hiawatha's Wooing," which we quoted in our last week's number, is one of the finest in the volume. It is a delicious love story, and would, without the slightest context, make the fortune of any poet. The reader unacquainted with Longfellow is recommended to commence his studies with that passage. Unless he speedily has it by heart, we repudiate any ardent desire for his acquaintance.

Mr. Longfellow—wise general as he is—has pressed the light forces of comedy into his service in no insignificant degree. Lagoo, "the great boaster"—he, the marvellous story-teller—he, the traveller and the talker," is an immense character. He is possibly the greatest liar that ever breathed,—but a worthy patriarch, notwithstanding:—

"Very boastful was Lagoo;
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder;
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver!"

Bragging, with the North American Indians, is a humorous and incidental failing, as the substitution of neat whiskey for water is with the Shetlanders. It lends to eccentric results—*viola tout!* The humorous "front scenes" in Mr. Longfellow's drama are divided between the Ojibway Gordon Cumming just alluded to, and Pau-Puk-Keewis, "an idle Yenadizze," or fast man of the Ojibway community—a character whose vagaries are described with all the rollicking exuberance of Pickwick, his mythical identity as the Spirit of Turbulence never being once lost sight of. The description of the dance to which he treats the guests at Hiawatha's wedding, is one of the happiest passages in the volume.

"Though the warriors called him Faint-Heart,
Called him coward, Shungodaya,
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with bead of wampum;
He was dressed in deerskin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
And in moccasins of buckskin,
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.
On his head were plumes of swan's down,
On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow
Streaks of blue and red vermilion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.

From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with bands of scented grasses,
As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther.
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Edging round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snow drifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey-feathers."

We must content ourselves with quoting one more passage, the beauty of which will hardly need to be pointed out to the reader's attention:—

Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look out,
Sees the downward plunge and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish."

We would gladly dwell longer on this subject did the arrangements of our publication permit. Of the legends themselves that Mr. Longfellow has collected, their possible origin, and interest as relating to other mythologies, we have no time to speak. We must content ourselves with an expression of unqualified approval of the manner in which they have been collected, digested, and set to the most exquisite music. "Unqualified approval" is a strong phrase in this age of sarcasm and depreciation; but, in all honest candour, the faults of the "Song of Hiawatha"—taken for all that it assumes to be, the faithful echo of a barbarous people's poetry—we have not been able to discover.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF MURDER AND SUICIDE AT BRIGHTON.—Considerable excitement was caused at Brighton on Saturday last by the report, which proved to be true, that Dr. Hermann Francks, a Prussian gentleman of fortune and high literary reputation, had committed suicide by jumping out of a three-storey window of the Royal Albion Hotel, thereby sustaining almost instant death, after having strangled his son, a youth of fifteen, in the bedroom where they both had slept. Dr. Francks arrived at the Albion, from Portsmouth, at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon, with his son. In the course of the evening they were called on by Dr. Juge, a German refugee, residing at Brighton, an acquaintance of the father of forty years' standing, who remained with them for some time. About 11 o'clock the son retired to rest, Dr. Juge having soon afterwards left, and then the father followed the son, the two sleeping in a double-bedded room. Nothing in particular occurred during the evening to excite Dr. Juge's observation. At 6 o'clock on Saturday morning, the housekeeper heard the crash of a falling body against the area railings, and on looking out saw the father writhing in the area. Medical men were called, but life was extinct. They went up stairs to apprise the son of the catastrophe, and, no answer being returned to repeated knocking, the door was forced, when the window was found to be open, and in the second bed was seen the son, lying apparently asleep, a silk scarf tied round his neck and his countenance livid, but he was quite dead, though the warmth of the body betokened that death had only just ensued. He had, apparently, been strangled, and the inference was that the father, having first deprived the son of life, threw himself out of the window, and thus ended his earthly career. Dr. Francks was a native of Breslau, in Silesia, where his father was a banker. Eighteen years ago he married, at Rome, the daughter of Prince Henry of Prussia, who died ten years ago, leaving an only son, the younger subject of the tragedy in question. Having early evinced a taste for the sea, he had been for some months past receiving a naval education in a school at Portsmouth, and was about to go to sea for the first time in December next, in one of Messrs. Green's vessels. Dr. Francks edited the "Allgemeine Zeitung," but of late he had retired from more active life, and was living on his property.

AN ARCH-DECEIVER DETECTED AT LAST.—The woman to whom we referred in our last Number as Alice Grey, Alice Christie, and many other aliases, has been committed, at Wolverhampton on a charge of perjury, it having been proved that, at various times and places, she has falsely charged twenty-six persons with felony, twenty of whom were acquitted, and six convicted. Through the whole of her examination, she has manifested the utmost aversion to the scrutinising gaze of strangers, and, when she was about to be removed from the court, adopted a novel and somewhat startling expedient to avoid it. While the officers were calling out "Clear the Court!" and the crowd were upon tiptoe to see her pass out, she suddenly sprang from the chair upon which she was sitting, and skipped across the table placed in front of the bench appropriated to solicitors and reporters, and, leaping almost over the heads of their worships, soon disappeared by the private entrance appropriated to the magistrates. The story of her offences, as evolved by the Wolverhampton police investigation, becomes quite epic. The Talbot type likenesses which were taken of her, and distributed throughout the country, have elicited many particulars of her past deceit. The earliest trace of her appears at Dublin, where, in 1849, calling herself Armstrong, she charged a man with robbing her, but failed; and having been twice convicted of felony in Ireland, she came to England. She passed herself off in Yorkshire and Derbyshire as a clergyman's daughter, and lived in clover by the cheat until discovered. She presented herself at Canterbury as a Roman Catholic, persecuted by a Baptist father. At Glasgow, Greenock, Bristol, Bath, London, she brought charges of robbery of her imaginary trunks and purses, against various persons; sometimes causing their conviction, nearly always obtaining money from the benevolent. In London she robbed a mistress, and afterwards pretended that her trunk had been stolen. Mr. Goodman, of the Mansion House, induced by her pitiful stories, paid her passage to Ireland. In Chester, on the 1st of October, she again brought charges of robbery, and obtained money to pay her passage to Birmingham. Her aliases were many:—In Dublin, Armstrong; in Glasgow, Anastasia Carter; in Liverpool and Flintshire, Anastasia Huggard; in London, Mary Anne O'Brien, and Jane Turcan; at Wolverhampton, Alice Grey. When she was asked at Wolverhampton whether she had any question to put to the witnesses, she told the magistrates to "go to —." One of the witnesses against her was a clergyman, whom she met in a railway train, and whom she asserted had criminal intercourse with her.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

THE CASE OF LORD COLVILLE.—William Radley, who was brought up at Guildhall, charged with forging the name of Lord Colville, again appeared on Saturday, for further examination. The court was crowded to excess by persons anxious to see his Lordship.

Sir P. Laurie said he should like to hear from the officer of the results of his inquiries.

The officer said:—In obedience to your instructions, I went on Saturday to Millford Road, Old Kent Road, and with one of the keys found on him. I opened the door. We went in, and saw a miscellaneous collection of goods, such as I was told he carried on, after reading the letter-book which I took from him. There were the remains of machinery and other things, which looked much as if a private still had been there. I ascertained that he was removing goods to Union Place, Fenchurch, until the police stopped him. One of Messrs. Milner's sales was called, and cross-examined. He admitted his handwriting to the power of attorney, but said it was got from him by fraud.

Sir P. Laurie passed some severe strictures on those who had looked up, and then were unwilling to prosecute, when Lord Colville's name was mentioned. There was a burst of indignation in the court, and "Look here! look here!" resounded from several sides, as they held up the tokens of their severe losses. The 20-lb man held up three dishonoured bills for £500 each, and a bill for clothes to the extent of £140, which a deceased man had left amongst his papers. Another held up a money order for £500, dated the 20th of October, 1855, and upon which he would have advanced £200, but for the reports in the newspapers. Another gentleman thrust forward a checkbook in the Cadiz and London Wine Shipping Company, saying, "Do you know anything of that?" and several others gazed at him in a similar manner. He, however, turned with the greatest coolness, and said, "I do not know you."

Mr. Goring, of Store Street, Bedford Square, said that in 1852, Radley induced him to send to Leeds an instrument of the value of £18 3s., and that when he applied for payment, through his solicitor, he replied by a letter which began as follows:—"Sir, The remarks of your last letter are natural, but when we consider that you have yourself only to blame, for becoming childish, to say the least of them." (Laughter.) He never got his money, and would like to prosecute if he could.

Lord Colville insisted that he was a real Lord, and had spent it so in Scotland; but Sir Peter said—I have received letters from different places relative to Lord Colville, by one of which I find he was once obliged to take refuge in the sanctuary of Portobello until he could make his escape, and another states that his proper name was Dorcas, that he was nothing more than a Bethnal Green weaver, where he was well known, having ruined many poor but industrious families by borrowing their little all from them under promises of repayment with large interest, but never repaid one penny of it. I feel there is not sufficient evidence to commit Radley, for no jury would find him guilty on the testimony produced, but I hope the exposure will protect other tradesmen from being victimised. I must discontinue the complaint.

A gentleman—Why do you not compel Messrs. Milner to prosecute?

Sir P. Laurie—I cannot compel them to prosecute. The parties and audience then left the court, many of the latter inquiring against those who had the power to prosecute, and would not.

CHARGE AGAINST A CLERGYMAN.—On Monday, the Churchwardens, and other officers connected with the district church of St. Matthew, Brixton, attended at the Lambeth Police Court, to apply for a summons against the Rev. Dr. John Vaughan, the incumbent.

It appeared that Dr. Vaughan had been in the habit of keeping the registers of burial in that parish, and the complaint on the part of the Churchwardens was, that he had been in the habit of falsifying the registers for his own personal benefit and advantage. It had been the practice in the district church to bury not only the deceased in the district, but, when application had been made to the discretion of the incumbent, to bury persons out of the district in the burial ground of the church; the only difference being, that the fees charged for the burial of persons within the district were only single, and for all those who died without double, and the charge against the Rev. Doctor was, that he had been in the habit of accepting applications for the burial of persons who died out of the district, upon the condition that, for such burials, double fees should be paid, and to falsify the register, by representing that the parties died within the district. This had been done for the purpose of his own profit, whereby he had been guilty of an offence which subjected him to severe penalties. The nature of the offence alleged to be committed in the present instance was by allowing the residence of the deceased person to be a place within the district, which would entitle the Doctor to single fees, instead of the place which he knew to be the actual residence of the party deceased, through the means of which he obtained double fees, and only accounted to the Churchwardens for single ones. After some further observations had been made, explanatory of the technical points of the case, and witnesses examined.

The Magistrate said, that the case had been very properly brought before him, and had the parties made an application for a warrant, considering it was a charge for felony, he should not have hesitated in granting it. But, under the advice of a learned counsel, they had brought it forward by way of an application for a summons. They might think it possible that some explanation might be given, and he should grant the summons, as requested.

The summons was granted, and a day named for its hearing.

TWO REAL SWELLS.—Frederick Livingstone Cole, and Frederick George Newbolt, two dashing young fellows, described as bankers' clerks, were charged at Bow Street, on Tuesday, with creating a disturbance at Covent Garden Theatre. Cole was also charged with an assault on the police.

It appeared that at about half-past ten o'clock on Monday evening, the prisoners and some others—kindred spirits—were having a "lark" in the promenade in front of the orchestra at Julien's concert. They several times formed a ring, throwing half-pence or any small articles into the centre, and closing in upon any one that attempted to pick them up. During the confusion thus created, ladies were rushed and much hurt, and the pickpockets reaped a rich harvest. The disturbance was so great, that Mr. Julien was obliged to bring the concert to a close. A constable perceiving Cole to be one of the ringleaders in this disturbance, went up to him in order to take him into custody, upon which the prisoner struck him in the chest. He, however, took the prisoner in spite of his resistance, on which the other prisoner, Newbolt, raised a cry of "Form a ring! Rescue!" in which several others joined, but the people between the spot where this occurred and the door, formed a passage through which Cole was conveyed by Usher, while another constable, who had heard Newbolt call his companions to the rescue, took him in charge, and removed him by the same way.

The youths, with an air of great civility, protested that they had nothing to do with the disturbance. They were pushed about by others, entirely against their own inclination, and it was quite a mistake to say that they joined in the call to make a ring. As for the blow given by Cole to the constable, it was purely accidental—some one pushed him from behind, throwing him violently against the policeman, but he really could not help it.

The Magistrate severely censured the conduct of the prisoners, and fined them £3 each, or, in default, sentenced them to one month's imprisonment. The fines, however, were immediately paid, and the juveniles departed.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

As the stocks of bullion in the Banks of England and France are now on the increase—as the supply of stock in market is small—and as money has become more abundant, consols have been firmer this week, and prices have advanced

about one half per cent. The improvement in the quotations has, in some measure, resulted from the positive tone of the advice which have come to hand from America, in reference to our differences with that country on the subject of the tariff.

The imports of gold have been chiefly confined to 755,000 dollars from New York. The shipments have been about £220,000 to India and China; but, as the East India Company have lowered the price of the bills drawn upon Bombay and Madras, and as the Chinese authorities have issued an edict lowering the price of the Carolinas dollar to the standard of other silver coins, a great decrease in future exports to India may be pretty safely calculated upon. This would be a matter of very great importance just now, as our imports are much smaller than the shipments.

There has been less activity in the demand for bar silver, and the quotation has given way ¼d. per ounce. Dollars have realised their former price, viz., 59½d. per ounce.

The following are the leading prices of the English funds and other securities.—Bank stock, 207½; 3 per cents. reduced, 87½; 3 per cents. consols, 88½; new 3 per cents., 88½; long annuities, 1860, 37-16; ditto, 1859, 34; ditto, 1855, 16 15-16; India bonds, 5s. to 9s. discount; exchequer bills, 2s. to 8s. premium. Exchequer bonds, both series, 98.

There have been about average dealings in the foreign house, and prices generally have been well supported. Geneva, 1½ per Cents. have realised 20; ditto, New Deferred, 7; Mexican 5 per Cents, 19½; Peruvian, 4½ per Cents, 74½; Sardinian 5 per Cents, 84½; Spanish 3 per Cents, 19½; ditto, Passive, 34; Turkish 6 per Cents, 79½; ditto, 4 per Cents, 37½.

As the traffic returns upon most lines continue good, Railway Shares have been tolerably firm. The "calls" for the present month amount to £472,165, against £831,637 last year. The total "calls" for the eleven months of the present year are £12,106,637, against £12,903,702 in the corresponding period of 1854, and £10,325,777 in 1853. Bristol and Exeter have marked 86; Caledonian, 54½; Eastern Counties, 84; London and Blackwall, 61; London and Brighton, 95½; London and North Western, 92½; London and South Western, 84; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 21½; Midland, 64½; North Eastern—Barnick, 68; ditto, York, 45½; South Eastern, 57½; Eastern of France, 36; East Indian, 22; ditto, Extension, 16; Great Western of Canada Shares, 22½; Hamilton and Toronto, 21½; Namur and Liege, 4½; Northern of France, 34½; Royal Danish, 20 ex. interest.

Mining Shares have been dull. Imperial Brazilian have realised 3½; Tin Croft, 34; United Mexican, 4½.

The dealings in miscellaneous securities have been trifling. Canada Company's Bonds have sold at 132; ditto Government 6 per Cents, 107½; Crystal Palace, 12; ditto, Preference, 1½; General Screw Steam Shipping Company, 14½; Mexican and South American 6½; North of Europe Steam, 13.

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—Very limited supplies of English wheat have been on sale in our market this week, and the demand for all kinds has ruled active, at an improvement in the quotation of 2s. per quarter. Foreign wheat, the imports of which continue small, has sold steadily, at very full prices. Floating cargoes have realised extreme rates. Fine malting barley has sold briskly, at 1s. per quarter more money, and grinding and distilling sorts have commanded full prices. In the value of malt, we have no change to report. Old oats have been scarce, and quite as dear as last week. New qualities have given way 6d. per quarter. Beans, peas, and flour, have sold on fully formed terms.

ENGLISH CURRENCY.—Essex and Kent White Wheat, 68s. to 92s.; ditto, Red 60s. to 86s.; Malting Barley, 37s. to 44s.; Distilling ditto, 37s. to 41s.; Grinding ditto, 35s. to 38s.; Malt, 61s. to 80s.; Rye, 48s. to 52s.; Feed Oats, 27s. to 29s.; Potato ditto, 28s. to 33s.; Tick Beans, 40s. to 46s.; Pigeon, 47s. to 55s.; White Peas, 50s. to 56s.; Maple, 42s. to 47s.; Gray, 42s. to 45s. per quarter; Town-made Flour, 73s. to 75s.; Town Households, 64s. to 66s.; Country, 63s. to 65s.; Norfolk and Suffolk, 61s. to 62s. per 280lbs.

CATTLE.—Fair average supplies of beasts have been on sale this week, but in very inferior condition. All breeds have sold freely, at an advance of 2d. per 8lbs. Sheep, the show of which has been small, have moved off steadily, and prices have had an upward tendency. Calves and pigs have come slowly to hand, and the sale for them has been firm at very full prices. Beef, from 3s. 6d. to 5s.; mutton, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 2d.; veal, 3s. 10d. to 5s. 2d.; pork, 3s. 10d. to 5s. per 8lbs., to sink the offal.

NEWGATE AND LEADENHALL.—These markets have been fairly supplied this week, and about an average business has been transacted, as follows:—Beef, from 3s. 2d. to 4s. 8d.; mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; veal, 3s. 8d. to 5s.; pork, 3s. 10d. to 5s. 4d. per 8lbs. by the carcass.

TEA.—As our letters from China state that large shipments have been made both to England and the United States, the demand is very inactive, but we have no change to notice in the quotations, which rule as follows:—Congou, 9d. to 2s. 6d.; Ning Yung and Oolong, 10d. to 1s. 9d.; Sonchong, 9d. to 2s. 8d.; Flowery Pekoe, 1s. 4d. to 3s. 6d.; Caper, 1s. to 1s. 2d.; Scented Caper, 1s. to 1s. 8d.; Orange Pekoe, 1s. 1d. to 1s. 4d.; Scented Orange Pekoe, 1s. 9d. to 2s. 9d.; Twankay, 7d. to 1s. 2d.; Hyson Skin, 7d. to 1s.; Hyson, 1s. 4d. to 3s. 9d.; Young Hyson, 9d. to 3s.; Imperial, 11d. to 2s. 9d.; Gunpowder, 1s. to 3s. 6d.; Assam, 1s. to 4s. 4d. per lb.

SUGAR.—Great excitement has prevailed in this market, and the quotations have further improved 3s. to 5s. per cwt. The stock in warehouse shows a very large deficiency compared with last year. Refined goods are brisk, at 65s. 6d. to 68s., for brown lumps, and 66s. to 68s. for gray.

MOLASSES.—Prices continue to advance, with an active market. Cuba and Porto Rico, 26s. to 27s., and low to fine West India, 28s. to 30s. per cwt.

COFFEE.—We have to report a slow sale for all kinds, at about stationary prices. About 1,000 bags of good old native Ceylon have found buyers, at 49s. 3d. per cwt.

COCOA.—Prices are considerably higher, and the market wears a most healthy appearance. Gray Trinidad has realised 48s. to 50s.; red, 52s. to 57s.; Guayaquil, 45s. to 46s.; Bahia and Para, 41s. to 45s. per cwt.

RICE.—About 2,000 tons of this article have changed hands at from 16s. to 17s. per cwt. for Bengal.

PROVISIONS.—Fine qualities of Irish butter move off briskly, at an advance of from 1s. to 2s. per cwt. Foreign and English qualities command extreme rates. Bacon is very dull, and 4s. to 5s. per cwt. lower. In other kinds of provisions, only a moderate business is doing.

WOOL.—Great heaviness prevails in the demand for all kinds, and prices at the public sales now in progress show a decline of from 1d. to 2d. per lb.

COTTON.—A full average business is doing in this market, and the quotations are a shade higher than last week.

HEMP AND FLAX.—Baltic hemp moves off slowly, at 44s. per ton for Petersburg clean. Flax is held on former terms.

METALS.—Scotch pig iron has been steady, at 75s. Manufactured parcels are a dull sale. Rails, at the works, 45s. to 48 10s.; common bars, 48 to 48 5s.; hoops, first quality, 41 to 41 15s. per ton. This is steady. Banca, 123s. 6d. to 124s.; Straits, 121s. 6d. to 122s. In tin-plates, very little is doing. I. C. coke, 28s. to 28s. 6d.; I. C. charcoal, 33s. to 33s. 6d. per box. Lead is very brisk, at 136 10s. to 137 for English pig. Spelter is quoted at 33 15s. per ton on the spot.

SPIRITS.—We have rather a slow sale for rum, yet very little change has taken place in the quotations. Proof Lee-wards, 2s. 8d. to 2s. 10d.; East India, 2s. 7d. to 2s. 8d. per gallon. Brandy is dull. Sales of Cognac, best brands of 1851, 10s. 8d. to 10s. 10d.; 1850 ditto, 10s. 9d. to 10s. 11d.; older, 11s. to 11s. 6d. per gallon. Geneva, 3s. to 4s.; Malt spirit, 11s. per gallon.

INDIGO.—The market is firm, and prices are well supported.

HOPS.—Fine hops are steady, but inferior kinds rule dull. Mid and East Kent packets, 75s. to 120s.; World of Kenis, 70s. to 100s.; Sussex, 70s. to 94s. per cwt. Duty, £350,000.

POTATOES.—There is more doing in most kinds. Prices rule from 75s. to 100s. per ton.

COALS.—Wyiam, 19s. 3d.; Riddell, 20s.; Belmont, 20s. 9d.; Lambton, 22s.; South Hetton, 22s. 6d.; Heugh Hall, 21s.; Tees, 22s. 6d.; St. Helen's Tees, 19s. 6d. per ton.

OILS.—Lined oil has changed hands at 42s. 6d. per cwt. In the value of other oils, very little alteration has taken place. Turpentine is firm, at 35s. 6d. to 37s. for spirits, and 11s. for rough.

TALLOW.—Our market is very firm, and P.Y.C., on the spot, is worth 66s. 6d. per cwt. The stock is now 22,073 casks, against 29,419 casks in 1854, 29,191 in 1853, 32,696 in 1852, and 69,876 in 1851.

LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

BANKRUPTS.—PHINEAS COHEN, Artillery Passage, Spitalfields, dealer in ironmongery—RICHARD GOODHIND, Ludgate Hill, draper—DOMENICO TOMASSINI, Tottenham Court Road, upholsterer.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

BANKRUPTS.—EDENEZER TEARLE AND MATTHEW CHOPPING, Lark Hall Lane, Chatham, brewers—CHARLES GEARY, Shoreditch, cheesemonger—THOMAS WILKIE, Prospect Place, Walworth Road, emery and glass paper manufacturer—ROBERT JOHN WARD, Croydon, common brewer—NICHOLAS MARTIN, Fowey, Cornwall, baker—JAMES RENTON, Bradford, watchmaker—SAMUEL JUDKINS, Sheffield, baker—RICHARD KETTLE, Sheffield, draper—GEORGE WEATHERHEAD, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, joiner—JOHN DANKS, Stafford, timber merchant—THOMAS LEWIS, Bath, builder—WILLIAM SMITH HICKMAN, Duke Street, St. James's, picture dealer—EDWIN HENRY SPARK, Islington, hosier and glover—JOHN CARTER LUCAS AND THOMAS LUCAS, Aldersgate Street, City, wholesale druggists—WILLIAM JOLLEY, Charing Cross, poultryer.

SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.—HENRY CAMPBELL, Glasgow, portmanteau maker and tavern keeper—THOMAS SINCLAIR, Crieff, plumber—THOMAS CLUNES, Aberdeen, plumber.

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Lothbury, October 26, 1855.

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